HE DECEIVES HIMSELF.

A DOMESTIC TALE,

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY MARIANNE CHAMBERS,

Daughter of the late Mr. CHARLES CHAMBERS,

Many Years in the Service of the Hon. East-India Company, and unfortunately lost in the *Winterton.*

"I leave no calling for this idle trade,"
"No duty broke, no parent disobey'd."
Pope.

Thus to my thoughts I said———
If ye will roam,
Go---But remember, ye were safe at home.
Anon.

VOL. I.

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1799.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO

Mr. THOMAS POWELL, *of Briſtol.*

WHEN I had finiſhed the following trifle, I was aſked by a friend, "to whom I ſhould addreſs it?"

I had no idea that a dedication was neceſſary to ſo ſimple a work; and therefore anſwered, that I ſhould not addreſs it to any one.

"You are wrong," ſaid my friend; "as a firſt attempt, it requires that "you ſhould aſk for it ſome protec- "tion.— Dedicate it to the world;—

" make known the motive which
" urged you to write;—Humanity
" has eſtabliſhed a fund in every
" *Britiſh heart*, and the *Orphan* is one
" of its principal claimants;—plead
" your youth, and inexperience."

That will be a ſatire on their judgement, ſaid I; for, if they read, they will diſcover its deficiencies;—all my dependence, I confeſs, is placed on a candid and liberal Public; but, if I draw too ſoon upon their generoſity, my claims may be diſputed, and it will never do to become a Bankrupt in their favor, on my firſt ſetting out.

" Then offer it to the Critics."

Worſe and worſe!—the Critics never cenſure any thing but works of

genius;—and the vanity of ſuppoſing the ſimple writing of a Girl in her teens a ſubject worthy of their criticiſm or attention, would at once condemn me.—As to the Muſes, I truſt they will pardon me that to them I do not preſent it; ſince, during all the fatigue of invention, they never once vouchſafed to relieve me by the aid of their heavenly inſpirations.

You will tell me, perhaps, that if I diſdain the *Celeſtials*,—there *are Mortals*, whoſe *Titles* would dignify my page;—ſo there are; but, as I only know them by name, would it not be preſumptuous in me to offer a panegyric, beneath the dignity of a great mind to accept from a ſtranger?

" Nay, then," ſaid my friend, (thinking me too punctilious) " there " are likewiſe many in private life, " enobled by their virtues, rich in " Nature's beſt gift, an uncorrupted " heart—who have, amidſt the tempt- " ations of the world, ſought for and " found a ſhelter in their own pru- " dence, fortitude, and temperance."

Stop, ſaid I, joyfully—To ſuch a one I *will* dedicate it;—if the tie of conſanguinity binds me in duty to him, his tenderneſs and love, and his innate goodneſs, have long bound me to him in reverence and eſteem—And who is ſo well entitled to my reſpect? who has ſo great a claim on my filial affections? Neither vanity, nor ſelf-intereſt, (the two chief motives which

are aſcribed to dedications in general,) will then guide my pen—To him I can ſpeak in the ſimple language of truth, and ſuch as the heart will beſt underſtand; for ſuch a one is my much-honoured and beloved *Grandfather*.

Thus then, dear Sir, accept it; and kindly conſider it, not as a cold compliment from the head, but as a ſentiment warm from the heart of

Your ever dutiful and

Affectionate Grandaughter,

MARIANNE CHAMBERS.

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HE DECEIVES HIMSELF.

A DOMESTIC TALE.

CHAP. I.

IN the county of Monmouth, on the borders of Wales, ſtood the ancient manſion of Eaſt-Cliff, belonging to the family of the Earls of Treclanna, in whoſe poſſeſſion it had been for upwards of two hundred years; when, by the deceaſe of the late Earl, the title became extinct, and the eſtates alone devolved conditionally to Sir Edward Eldwin, of a very diſtant branch of the family.

The Earl had been dead near a twelve-month, when Sir Edward prepared to take poſſeſſion of the Caſtle; it had been much neglected, for many years, as particular circumſtances rendered every object, that ſurrounded it, objects of grief and regret to its late owner, who had reſided, for ſome few of the latter years of his life, at a ſmall villa near London.

Sir Edward's youth had been ſpent in retirement, as his higheſt expectations were then bounded by a ſmall paternal eſtate; and, having been bred to the law, he had acquired a ſufficiency, by his profeſſion, to live what is called genteelly.

He married, early in life, a woman of neither family nor fortune, but whoſe external attractions might have faſcinated a heart leſs ſuſceptible.

Soon after his marriage, by an unexpected event, his proſpects were much enlarged — the only bar to his inheriting the Treclanna eſtate was removed, and he was ſent for by that nobleman to leave his

his country reſidence and his profeſſion, and to reſide in London, where he was ſupported as the relative of ſo ancient a family, and where, for ſome ſmall public ſervices, he had received the honour of knighthood.

Lady Eldwin was a woman of weak underſtanding, and this ſudden tranſition of fortune was too powerful for her to withſtand its effects. Of a diſpoſition naturally haughty, ſhe was now ſo intoxicated by the change of ſcene (knowing no other criterion of greatneſs than the oſtentation of wealth), and ſo faſcinated by the ſound of *My Lady* (the character of which ſhe knew how to ſupport only by pride and extravagance), that, while ſhe was whirling in the vortex of diſſipation, Sir Edward had been humbly bowing to the late Earl, and, by his obſequiouſneſs, ſo far ſucceeded as to inherit the bulk of that nobleman's fortune.

It was in April when the family left London, for Wales, much to the mortification of Lady Eldwin and her daughter;

the former having been too long familiarized with the follies of high life, to bear the ſolitude of the country with any degree of pleaſure—and the latter, of a diſpoſition gay and unthinking, was ſo intoxicated with the novelty of the ſcene (which, to a mind better formed, often proves too alluring), that nothing but the authoritative voice of her father would have made her relinquiſh them for the ſolitary and unfrequented Eaſt-Cliff.

Miſs Eldwin was a beautiful girl, and might have been, with proper tuition, as amiable as lovely; but that time, which ſhould have been employed in forming her mind, and rendering her, if not a dazzling object of admiration, an ornament to ſociety, had been occupied alone in the trifling accompliſhments of the day. Of theſe ſhe was perfect miſtreſs; whilſt her mind was ſo engroſſed, by the praiſes theſe exterior advantages drew, as to admit of no opportunity to improve it.

She had been educated in France, where ſhe had acquired all that gay *frivolité*

which characterizes the nation, without the poliſh that generally accompanies it.

" Ethelind," ſaid Sir Edward to his daughter, the morning they quitted London, " I fear you will find the country dull, after the gaieties you have been ſo lately introduced to, for there is very little ſociety around the manſion; but you muſt make the beſt of it, and, in the latter end of May, I hope we ſhall have your brother with us."

" His company will be no great acquiſition, Heaven knows!" cried Ethelind, " unleſs he has learned to be rational—*boring* us with his logic, to make the world think him learned. But pray, ſir, are we to have no company till then?"

" None," ſaid Sir Edward, " except a Miſs Aubrey, a young laſs who now particularly claims my protection. She is the daughter of a loved ſiſter, and almoſt your own age, Ethelind."

Lady Eldwin, who was preſent, looked evidently ſurprized, not ever having heard him ſpeak of her before. But, as Her Ladyſhip knew Sir Edward's diſlike to talk of his connections (why, ſhe never could learn), ſhe rather choſe to repreſs her curioſity than gratify it at the expence of his diſpleaſure, which was always incurred whenever the ſubject turned on his relations.

On the third day after they quitted London, they arrived at Vernly, a village on the banks of the Severn, ſituated about twenty miles from Eaſt-Cliff. Here they were to take up Miſs Aubrey.

Sir Edward, not having ſeen her for many years, had no recollection of her perſon. He had written to acquaint her with his intention to place her under his own roof; and Lady Eldwin, concluding her an aukward country girl, ſecretly determined that Ethelind and the ſtranger ſhould be ſeparated as much as poſſible, for fear the former ſhould imbibe any of her ruſtic

ruſtic manners. Theſe were the ideas ſhe always united to thoſe who were ſeparated from the *beau monde*; for her Ladyſhip quite forgot ſhe had never ſeen London herſelf till ſhe married Sir Edward, but had always lived in the greateſt obſcurity.

Lady Eldwin ſaw the impropriety of introducing ſuch *a girl* into the family as a companion for her daughter; at the ſame time ſhe knew, that when Sir Edward formed a reſolution, it was in vain to oppoſe him; thus, making a merit of what was unavoidable, ſhe very obligingly conſented.

They ſtopped at an inn about a mile from the village to dine, and Sir Edward propoſed fetching Miſs Aubrey and returning with her to dinner.

Ethelind, impatient to behold her new relation, begged to accompany her father; this he peremptorily refuſed, and ſet off in the carriage alone.

"I wonder, madam," ſaid Ethelind, addreſſing her mother, "my father never ſpoke of this relation before, and how uncommonly ſtrange not to let me go with him."

"Strange, indeed," ſaid her Ladyſhip; "the whole affair to me is a myſtery; I have no notion that a pack of poor relations are to be brought into the family, becauſe he has power to relieve them; and as to his bringing this girl down as a companion for you, it is all an excuſe, and I dare ſay, he means to provide for her; but I ſhall ſoon let her know her ſituation; and I beg, Ethelind, you will not, by your ridiculous nonſenſe, make her too familiar with you; theſe country miſſes are always aſſuming enough without any encouragement. You muſt recollect the dignity of your family, and how greatly you are her ſuperior; but you will not aſſume that conſequence I wiſh you to poſſeſs."

"Nay, my dear madam," ſaid Ethelind (who never repreſſed what ſhe thought)

thought) "how can you talk of my ſuperiority? If ſhe is my father's niece, is ſhe not of equal good family?"

"That may be," returned her Ladyſhip," but you know, as a dependant, ſhe is not much intitled to reſpect."

"Well, madam," returned Ethelind, "we will not talk on this ſubject any more if you pleaſe; I, of courſe, muſt ſubmit to your judgement; but, pray do not be afraid of my being *too familiar* with this *Miſs Aubrey*, as they call her, for I will lay my life ſhe is ſome aukward country girl; however, ſhe will ſerve to amuſe us with her *tramontane* manners; did you ever hear of his ſiſter before, madam?" —"Yes, often," ſaid her Ladyſhip, "but I never knew ſhe had a daughter till now." —At that inſtant the carriage ſtopped.— "Come away Ethelind from the window," ſaid her Ladyſhip, "the girl will think you have been watching for her coming; and you know"—but before ſhe could ſay *what*, the door of the room was thrown open, and Sir Edward led in his niece,

who he introduced as Angelina Aubrey. Surprize for a moment kept her Ladyſhip ſilent, until recollecting herſelf, ſhe took her hand and ſaid ſhe was happy to receive her; whilſt Ethelind embraced her as affectionately as a ſiſter.

Lady Eldwin was evidently diſappointed, and, much as ſhe condemned Sir Edward for introducing an aukward *country girl* as a companion for his daughter, ſhe would much rather have found her all her imagination had painted, than the lovely young creature now before her, whoſe native elegance and graceful modeſty, united to the moſt lovely perſon, could not fail to attract even the approbation of her Ladyſhip.

Ethelind, whoſe eyes ſpoke the impreſſion Angelina had made, and whoſe lips would have confirmed it if her mother had not been preſent, ſoon diſſipated, by her lively chat, the timidity that was evident in the young ſtranger; whilſt Lady Eldwin never once turned her eyes to the place where they ſat, for it was a never-

failing

failing rule with her Ladyſhip, that to affect indifference to ſtrangers was to command reſpect, and by a cold haughtineſs, awe them in her preſence.

If ſhe had taken as much pains to make herſelf amiable, as ſhe did to render herſelf diſguſting, ſhe would almoſt have arrived at the ſtandard of perfection; for, with a heart not the moſt remarkable for its ſuſceptibility, ſhe had given way to a paſſion that rendered her deteſtable; through her life, it had been the ſource of mortification to herſelf, and diſguſt to her friends; to this ſhe ſacrificed every delicate ſentiment; for pride had impelled her to give her hand to Sir Edward, when her heart was devoted to an object truly deſerving, and only intereſt and a paſſion for a title united her to Sir Edward, who had been violently in love with her (if it deſerves that name) ſince after ſix weeks acquaintance they were married, without once inquiring, if the ſimilarity of diſpoſition, or reciprocity of the mind, would enable them to bear, in each other, the frailties attached to human nature.

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But

But Sir Edward was ſoon convinced, that ſomething more was neceſſary to happineſs than mere beauty, and that the moſt brilliant accompliſhments of the perſon, are poor equivalents for the deficiencies of the mind. When the ardor of his affection began to ſubſide, and her beauty no longer dazzled his ſight, he beheld her with very different eyes; ſhe was vain, ignorant, and extravagant; and all thoſe virtues he had ſeen, through the medium of affection, now vaniſhed, and left him to regret his too haſty choice; but he always conducted himſelf towards her with much apparent affection, and they were conſidered by the world as a very happy couple.

Dinner was ſerved, and by the time it was over, all parties ſeemed perfectly known to each other. Lady Eldwin condeſcended to relax a little of her *hauteur*, and aſked Angelina how long ſhe had been at Vernley?—but before Miſs Aubrey could return an anſwer, Sir Edward replied—"Angelina has lately loſt a very dear friend, Lady Eldwin, and we will not

not talk to her now on a ſubject that will naturally raiſe painful emotions."

"Painful, indeed," thought ſhe, as the tear ſtarted in her eye. It was a tear that flowed from the ſweeteſt ſenſation, namely, gratitude for the tenderneſs of Sir Edward; for her heart, which was naturally gay, was now depreſſed by the recent loſs of the only friend it had ever mourned.

Lady Eldwin was diſpleaſed with this interference of Sir Edward's, and teſtified her anger by not ſaying any more until they were ſeated in the carriage.

Ethelind ſupplied her mother's deficiency, and very good naturedly endeavoured to amuſe Angelina with her lively chat.

"I am dying with curioſity, my dear Miſs Aubrey, to know the contents of that parcel you hold in your hand; do not think me impertinent, but indeed I muſt

ſee

ſee it, for I am ſure it is ſomething curious."

"It is more valuable than curious," returned Angelina, unfolding the paper, "and particularly ſo to me, for it is the likeneſs of a very amiable woman." At that inſtant Sir Edward's eye caught the picture, and catching it with evident emotion, he involuntarily exclaimed, "Great Heavens! what a reſemblance!"

An exclamation ſo emphatic, ſtruck Lady Eldwin, and turning to her huſband, ſhe repeated, "whoſe reſemblance?"

But without anſwering her, as if inſenſible to what ſhe had ſaid, he continued to gaze on the portrait with a countenance expreſſive of grief and regret; when ſuddenly recollecting himſelf, he returned it to Angelina, and bade her never let him ſee it more.

As ſhe received it, a ſmall *pacquet* of papers that had been faſtened to the back of

of the picture fell from her hands. Sir Edward with avidity eagerly caught them, and looking on the ſuperſcription his confuſion was augmented; he haſtily put them in his pocket, regardleſs of Angelina's ſurprize and embarraſſment, and recovering himſelf, he began to talk on indifferent ſubjects with an air of affected *nonchalance*.

Lady Eldwin, ſtruck by the myſtery of his conduct, turned to Angelina, and in a tone of impatience demanded, "whoſe reſemblance it bore."

"Alas! madam," ſhe returned, "it is the portrait of Mrs. Beverly; the Lady to whom I owe all that I am, or ever ſhall be; it was ſhe who ſupplied the place of a parent; and it is her I now mourn, and whoſe loſs I muſt always regret, for if ever there was a human being perfect it was this amiable woman.

"Well! Well!" ſaid Sir Edward, who had liſtened with emotion to what his niece had

had ſaid, "ſay no more about her, ſhe had her failings as well as the reſt of the world, and you are too young to judge of human nature."

Angelina, who had looked up with all the dutiful confidence of a child to Mrs. Beverly, and from whom ſhe had received all her inſtructions, now felt a momentary indignation at this reflection on her departed friend. And, at the ſame inſtant, an idea ruſhed upon the mind of Lady Eldwin, new as it was painful — "Yes!" cried ſhe, mentally, "it muſt be his miſtreſs, and this is his child; every word he has uttered convinces me, for his ſiſter has been dead many years; and if ſhe had left a daughter, I am ſure I ſhould have known it ere this." This idea occupied all her thoughts; ſhe ſat ſilent, whilſt Sir Edward ſeemed equally abſorbed, leaving the young people to amuſe themſelves.

"Were you ever in London, Miſs Aubrey?" aſked Ethelind.

"No,

"No, never," Angelina replied, ſmiling at the earneſtneſs with which ſhe addreſſed her.

"I am ſurprized at that," ſhe returned, "for I thought no one could poſſeſs half ſo much elegance as you are miſtreſs of, unleſs they had been educated in the faſhionable world."

Angelina was a ſtranger to compliments like theſe; ſhe felt uneaſy as Ethelind continued—"Why, my dear, when you are introduced into public, we ſhall have all the women invoking the deities to remove you to ſome uninhabited ſphere. Nay, do not look ſo ſurprized, for you ſurely muſt know that beauty like your's would attract every one's attention."

She was going on with this rhapſody, when Lady Eldwin, who took particular care that no one ſhould be made vain in her preſence, interrupted Ethelind, by ſaying—"I hope the young woman has more ſenſe than to believe what you ſay, for you know you do not mean one word of it."

This

This ſilenced her for a little time, but her loquaciouſneſs was ſeldom to be long checked, and ſhe diverted Angelina with a deſcription of thoſe ſcenes ſhe had ſo reluctantly quitted, and painted them in all the glowing colours of youthful fancy.—Balls, operas, routs, and plays, derived ſuch additional luſtre from the warmth of her imagination, that it could not fail to impreſs the mind of Angelina, who looked forward with delight to that period when ſhe was to be introduced to ſo much promiſed happineſs; for, not doubting (from her own excellent heart) but that all ſhe heard were the dictates of truth, ſhe learned with pleaſure that the family were to return to town early in June, to be preſent at the enſuing birth-day. When Ethelind had exhauſted every topic of common-place converſation, ſhe declared herſelf horribly fatigued with the journey, leaving Angelina to enjoy her own contemplation, and to reflect on the change of the laſt eight hours.

The weather had been particularly favourable to the travellers, and the even-

ing

ing uncommonly mild for the ſeaſon; all nature ſeemed at peace, and nothing but the bounding of the carriages interrupted the ſilence that pervaded the ſcene; the refreſhing ſhowers of the day ſparkled on every leaf and blade.

They were now within a mile of Eaſt-Cliff, and the moon, which had juſt riſen, ſhowed the north turrets of the building riſing above the tall elms.

Angelina was ſtruck with the beauty and novelty of the place; and her boſom, which had been agitated through the day by a thouſand different emotions, was now occupied alone in anticipating the happineſs that the preſent opened before her.

The domeſtics were waiting to receive them; and an old man, whoſe grey locks added dignity to his figure, came forward to aſſiſt the travellers in alighting.

Angelina, who was laſt, obſerved a ſilent tear roll down his aged cheek, and, as he took

took her hand, he ſaid, emphatically, — "Heaven bleſs you, young lady, and protect your innocence! welcome to our long, long, forſaken manſion."

There was ſomething in his manner which ſaid much more than his words, and ſhe longed to know why he wept.

Young, gay, and innocent, with a heart dilated with gratitude, bounding and elaſtic with hope, Angelina Aubrey entered the ſolitary manſion of Eaſt-Cliff.

They were conducted, by a woman who ſerved as houſekeeper, to a ſpacious apartment, where every thing was prepared for the reception of the family.

Lady Eldwin was not in a humour to be pleaſed—ſhe found fault with every thing around her, and declared ſhe had never entered ſuch a horrid, gloomy place before, it was quite inſupportable. This was ſaid merely for the ſake of ſaying ſomething ill-natured, for ſhe thought very differently.

"Ethelind,"

"Ethelind," ſaid her Ladyſhip, throwing herſelf on a ſofa, "are not you almoſt dead, child?"—whilſt her waiting-woman was ordered to do fifty different things in a minute, forgetting the poor woman might be equally fatigued.

"I am ſure I would not have undertaken this journey if I had conceived it had been half ſo diſagreeable."

"Nay, Lady Eldwin," ſaid Sir Edward, "do not regret it ſo much, ſince it give me ſo great a proof of your condeſcenſion in complying with my requeſt, and you know my preſence here is abſolutely neceſſary."

This was ſaid with apparent affection, but her Ladyſhip made no reply; and Angelina felt hurt at Lady Eldwin's indifference, concluding ſhe was out of humour without cauſe.

Sir Edward appeared thoughtful, and, whenever Angelina raiſed her eyes towards him, his were always fixed upon her—and

the gloom, which ſhe perceived on entering the carriage, ſeemed rather increaſed than diſſipated.

After a ſlight repaſt, they ſeparated for the night, and ſhe was conducted to her chamber. It was on that ſide of the building which was uninhabited; for the domeſtics, not being told of her coming, had no other prepared for her.

"Will you not be afraid, Miſs, to ſleep ſo far from the reſt of the gentlefolks?" ſaid the girl who attended her — "indeed I am quite conſarned there is not a better room aired for you than this — 'tis ſuch a naſty old dingy place that I can't abide it, for my part — but, howſoever, it ſignifies nothing, for that matter, as nobody likes to ſleep in it."

"Why?" ſaid Angelina, ſmiling at the girl's loquacity.

"O, Miſs, indeed you muſt not aſk me," ſhe returned—"I would not tell you for all the world, for, if I was, you would never

never cloſe your eyes in it." Then haſtily putting down the lamp which ſhe held in her hand, without daring to look round her, ſhe hurried out of the room, leaving Angelina not very well pleaſed with her ſituation.

Till the ſound of her ſteps along the gallery ceaſed, ſhe ſtood expecting her return; when, finding herſelf diſappointed, and endeavouring to conquer her childiſh fears, ſhe took up the lamp to ſurvey her chamber, for it was not ſufficient as it ſtood on the table to ſhow the extent of it. The room was large and lofty, hung round with tapeſtry, the furniture of the bed was of dark green damaſk, and the oak floor correfponded with the gloom of the chamber. Angelina, for the firſt time in her life, trembled with the idea of being alone, and was on the point of leaving it, to requeſt ſome of the ſervants would return with her; when, recollecting that the many windings of the paſſage ſhe muſt paſs through, might miſlead her, ſhe concluded it was moſt prudent to remain where ſhe was. — A moment's

ment's reflection told her there was nothing to fear; and, as ſleep to the innocent and happy is ſeldom courted in vain, ſhe was ſoon inſenſible to the gloom that ſurrounded her.

CHAP. II.

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THE manſion of Eaſt-Cliff was ſituated on an eminence that commanded a beautiful view of the ſurrounding country. The grounds were extenſive, and the gardens and ſhrubbery formed a ſtriking novelty, as they lay on a gentle declivity. Though an antient edifice, it had received great embelliſhments from its late owner, and was rendered as elegant and commodious as moſt of our modern buildings. The north ſide of it remained alone in its antient ſtate (in all the heavy grandeur of the laſt century) for it had been the pride of the late Earl to leave theſe as memorials of the dignity of his anceſtors; this part of the building diſplayed a heavy magnificence, and here were depoſited

thoſe trophies of antient victories which diſtinguiſhed and ennobled the family.

At the foot of the mountain ran the river Wye, whoſe copious current watered the valley beneath, whilſt the Severn's broad ſtream appeared in a diſtant view, as an arm of the ſea, and gave the whole ſcenery a grand effect.

This had been the reſidence of one of the moſt noble families in the kingdom; here hoſpitality and unbounded philanthropy, like the ſun's genial warmth, cheriſhed and ſupported all around, and bade the unfortunate raiſe grateful hearts to that Being who had beſtowed a power almoſt unbounded, and added a will even exceeding it.

But this was now remembered only to the diſadvantage of its preſent owner, whoſe heart never owned a ſimilar virtue; though, perhaps, there were few men more laviſh in their donations, and few eſteemed by the world more ready to relieve, for in all public charities Sir Edward

Edward Eldwin's name was to be found, whilſt private calamities neither ſhared his pity nor aſſiſtance; they came not recommended by the praiſes of the million; and as nothing but the ſecret ſatisfaction of having relieved a fellow-creature, or of having acted according to the dictates of humanity, was to be the reward, (ſenſations his heart never knew), he was ſo well ſatisfied with the praiſes his oſtentatious charity drew, that he never remembered to inquire from what motive they ſprung. Thus he became the inſtrument of good, from the moſt erroneous principle, that of gratifying his pride. And thus does Heaven, in its mercy, often convert even the vices of the heart into a ſtimulative to actions which ſympathy and humanity have failed to excite.

Sir Edward was well acquainted with the world, he knew every intricacy of the human heart, and could adapt his actions and his ſentiments to every claſs of men. His aim had been to ingratiate himſelf into the favour of thoſe in power, by

which he not only ſacrificed truth and honour, but his own independence, and became the tool of every man's machinations.

Vile and deteſtable as theſe characters always appear in the eye of true greatneſs, in him they were never diſcovered. *Art* and *duplicity* united to form a ſemblance of virtues, and they ſucceeded; for, by the world, he was conſidered a *great* man, and by his acquaintance, a *good* one.

On the death of the late Earl, his hopes were realized beyond his moſt ſanguine expectation; he found himſelf in poſſeſſion of a large unincumbered eſtate, beſides a very conſiderable perſonal property; yet, with all this wealth, he was never known to part with one guinea, more than his pride or neceſſity urged.

When

" Ah! that deceit ſhould ſteal ſuch gentle ſhape,
And, with a virtuous vizor, hide deep vice.

But

But 'tis a common proof,
That lowlineſs is young ambition's ladder;
Whereto the climber upward turns his face:
But, when he once attains the upmoſt round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, ſcorning the baſe degrees
By which he did aſcend."

When Angelina aroſe in the morning, the ſun ſhone in all its brilliance, and preſented a very different ſcene from the gloom of the preceding night; the birds were hymning their praiſe to the Creator of ALL, in ſweeteſt harmony, and her grateful heart joined in the univerſal adoration. The ſcene brought, in full force to her mind, the morning hymn of the Father of mankind, and ſhe involuntarily repeated it.—

Theſe are thy glorious works, Parent of Good!
Almighty! Thine, this univerſal frame,
Thus wond'rous fair; Thyſelf, how wond'rous then!
Hail, univerſal Lord! be bounteous ſtill,
To give us only good; and, if the night
Have gather'd ought of evil, or conceal'd,
Diſperſe it, as now light diſpels the dark!

She was delighted to find her room ſo pleaſantly ſituated, the front window com-

commanding an extenſive view to the right of that part of the country through which they had travelled the preceding day; to the left, was a fine view of the park, which gradually deſcended to the vale.—Here, ſurrounded by the yew and cypreſs, the village church raiſed its gothic tower; and, about a mile diſtant from Eaſt Cliff, on the brow of the hill, ſtood the rectory, more conſpicuous for its elegant neatneſs than ſuch buildings uſually diſplay; the meandring river gliſtened in the vale, and the ſcattered cottages compleated the beauty of the ſcene.

Spring now diffuſed new life through the vegetative kingdom;—the trees were putting forth their bloſſoms, and the fields once more looked gay;—all Nature ſmiled, and, in the harmony of her wonderous works, Angelina beheld the great firſt cauſe of all.

"She look'd through Nature, up to Nature's God."

In one corner of the room ſtood a book-caſe, in which were ſome of our beſt

beſt Engliſh authors; this was a great recommendation to the chamber, and ſhe determined to beg it might continue to be her apartment. She almoſt loſt herſelf in paſſing to the inhabited part of the manſion; when, at laſt meeting the old man whom ſhe had ſeen on her firſt arrival, ſhe begged to be conducted to the Family.

He led her through a number of ſpacious rooms, where every ſtep was reverberated; the high-arched windows ſhed a dim light, and, from neglect, moſt of the ornamental part of theſe chambers were going to decay. They now entered a ſort of rotunda, fitted up in a more modern ſtile than any of the former; at the upper end was placed the picture of a young man at full length; there was ſomething in the countenance remarkably ſtriking;—it excited the attention of Angelina, and ſhe ſtood looking at it for ſome time.

"This is the moſt ſtriking picture," ſhe cried, turning to the ſteward, "that

I ever beheld; the countenance is particularly intereſting, expreſſive of ſo much dignity, yet tempered with ſuch ſenſibility.—Did you know the original, Sir?"

"Yes, Lady, I did indeed know him, long before he knew himſelf; I have carried him in my arms many a day, when he was a ſweet innocent child." The old man walked up to the window, his voice faltered, he could ſay no more.

"You have lived in the family ſome time, I ſuppoſe?"

"It is now, my Lady, near fifty years ſince I came to Eaſt Cliff."

"Does that picture repreſent any of the late Earl's family?"

"I cannot talk of that picture; it even pains me to ſee you look at it," returned the old man with a ſigh.

Angelina looked in his face to ſee if ſhe could diſcover why, but it was more

expreſſive of pity than anger; fearful of diſtreſſing him, ſhe was ſilent. There was a melancholy in his words that intereſted her; his manner was ſuperior to people in his ſituation in general, and ſhe determined, if poſſible, to learn his ſtory.

As ſoon as ſhe entered the breakfaſt room, Ethelind running up to her, exclaimed "I am glad you are come, for Patty has told Agnes the north ſide of the manſion is haunted; and really, I began to fear ſome of the evil ſpirits had ran away with my fair couſin.—A naſty old-faſhioned place, is it not? I am ſure I ſhould have been monſtrouſly frightened; I dare ſay you thought it was like going into a tomb; thoſe horrible old beds look juſt like it."

"No, indeed," ſaid Angelina, "but where is your mother? I hope the journey has not made her Ladyſhip ill."

"Lord, no," cried Ethelind, "ſhe never riſes to breakfaſt, for the day is too

long for her as it is, when ſhe gets up at twelve, or one; and down here, I'm ſure ſhe would die of *ennui* to riſe earlier.

Angelina was all aſtoniſhment, for this was the firſt time ſhe had ever heard of time hanging heavy.

"Well," cried Ethelind, "this is a ſhocking out-of-the-way place; I vow I will never go near the north ſide of it; for though I am rather curious to know the pedigree of ghoſts, and from what illuſtrious family they deſcend, yet I confeſs I have not heroiſm enough to encounter his black highneſs's agents."

"Fie, fie, Etty," ſaid Sir Edward, "it will be well if your heart is as ſecure from their attempts as your perſon; guard the one, and you need never be afraid of the other."

"Well, Sir," ſhe continued, "you may ſay what you pleaſe, but really it is a diſmal old place; for, what with the ſcreeching of owls, and croaking of rooks,

rooks, I could not get a wink of ſleep the whole night."

"I am ſorry for it, Ethelind," ſaid Sir Edward; however, it has the peculiar virtue of refreſhing the wearied, without locking up the ſenſes, for you look better than any of us.

The remainder of the morning was ſpent in ſtrolling through the grounds. Miſs Eldwin had brought down ſome new publications, and Angelina diverted herſelf by the peruſal of them.

Several days paſt on much in the ſame manner; Lady Eldwin ſeldom appeared till two, when they generally rode out a few miles for an airing; the reſt of the time, until the dinner hour, was devoted by her Ladyſhip and daughter to the toilet.

Angelina, in a leſs faſhionable way, amuſed herſelf with a book, or work,—Lady Eldwin lounged away the evening on the ſopha, every five minutes re-

minding the reſt of the family how difficult it is, for a mind enervated by pleaſure, to partake of rational enjoyments; ſhe took every opportunity of aſking Angelina who ſhe had lived with, and how ſhe had paſſed her time, before ſhe came to Eaſt Cliff; but Sir Edward, who ſeldom left them, prevented her curioſity from being gratified, by making an evaſive anſwer, and immediately changing the ſubject.

Lady Eldwin ſaw plainly the reaſon, and endeavoured, by her ſatirical retorts, to let him know ſhe was not ſo eaſily to be duped.

About this time Mr. Eldwin, Sir Edward's only ſon, was expected at Eaſt Cliff, and a maiden aunt of his mother's was to accompany him, to ſpend the ſummer months.

One evening, when Lady Eldwin and her daughter were amuſing themſelves at picquet, Angelina left them unnoticed, to enjoy the cool breezes of evening, and

ſtrolled

ſtrolled down towards the vale, occupied in reflecting on the change of her ſituation; her heart was dilated with gratitude towards her uncle; ſhe ſaw in him every thing that was good and amiable, and ſmiled on the proſpect that opened before her, with all the delight of inexperienced youth; but though a ſtranger to the world, and unuſed to draw invidious compariſons to the imperfections of Lady Eldwin, ſhe was not blind;—her heart would have given her credit for being an amiable woman, if her judgement had not repreſented her very inferior to her honoured and regretted Mrs. Beverly.

Ethelind was certainly a good-natured girl, but there was a flippancy in her manner that prevented Angelina from repoſing that confidence which is neceſſary for the foundation of friendſhip; and in theſe evening rambles ſhe felt more delight than in any other amuſement; here ſhe could contemplate on the paſt without interruption, and reviſit in

in idea the peaceful ſcenes ſhe had quitted.

It was late when ſhe returned, but the moon, which had juſt riſen, ſhed a glimmering light around. Aſcending the ſteps that led to the terrace, ſhe was ſtartled by a voice exclaiming, in a tone of horror, "then I am undone for ever." Undetermined whether to proceed, and before ſhe had time to recover her ſurpriſe—Sir Edward ruſhed ſuddenly from behind her—he ſtarted—but recollecting himſelf, ſaid—"are you here, Miſs Aubrey?"——his manner alarmed her, and before ſhe could make any reply, he drew from his pocket the manuſcript he had taken from the picture, on their journey to Eaſt Cliff; and ſeizing her hand, as he fixed his eyes anxiouſly on her, demanded, in an authoratative tone, "how long they had been in her poſſeſſion before ſhe came to Eaſt Cliff?"

Endeavouring to appear compoſed, ſhe anſwered with tolerable firmneſs, and with

with an earneſtneſs that proved the truth of what ſhe ſaid; that in looking over Mrs. Beverly's cloaths the morning before ſhe left Vernley, this manuſcript, faſtened to the portrait, was found; ſhe owned ſhe heſitated whether to ſeparate them or not, but the hope that it might develope the myſtery that always ſeemed connected with Mrs. Beverly's life tempted her; but, as on that day ſhe had been too much engaged to open the packet, and as Sir Edward had held them in his poſſeſſion ever ſince, ſhe hoped, if ſhe had done wrong by taking them, he would pardon her.

All this time he appeared in an agony of ſuſpenſe, and telling her, with more auſterity than he had ever before aſſumed, "that, as ſhe valued his favour and her happineſs, never to mention Mrs. Beverly's name more;" and drew from her a ſolemn promiſe, that no one ſhould be acquainted with the paſt incidents of her own, or that lady's life, without his concurrence; for he added, "Lady Eldwin is of a ſuſpicious temper, and will naturally

naturally draw thoſe concluſions from the connection that it is my intereſt to elude."

And being ſatisfied that the manuſcript was unread, he continued, " that as nothing in Mrs. Beverley's life could intereſt Angelina, the reading of the papers would only wound her feelings,—for he added—" though ſhe drew her miſery on herſelf, ſtill to the laſt, all but in one inſtance, ſhe was ſpotleſs and pure."

He was evidently affected, and left her, with theſe words——" If you expect protection from me, Angelina,—you know how to ſecure it—be ſilent—for ſhould a word eſcape you of what is now paſt—remember—you will find me no longer your friend."

She ſtood fixed to the ſpot ſome minutes after he left her, endeavouring to account for his ſtrange behaviour. From the requeſt he made, and his evident intereſt in Mrs. Beverly's life, ſhe was almoſt

moſt tempted to think herſelf nearer allied to him; and the myſtery of her own birth almoſt confirmed the ſuſpicion; but, recollecting the virtues of that amiable woman, ſhe reproached herſelf for harbouring a thought incompatible with her purity.

Angelina conſidered her word as moſt ſacred, and determined, if it ſubjected her to every evil, religiouſly to keep the promiſe given; all that was to be apprehended was Lady Eldwin, for ſhe feared her reſerve would raiſe thoſe very ſuſpicions that Sir Edward ſeemed ſo anxious to avoid; for it was but natural to expect her Ladyſhip's curioſity would be augmented by the air of concealment Sir Edward compelled her to wear, before ſhe could determine in what manner to anſwer her Ladyſhip's queries, without alarming her pride, or gratifying her curioſity. Ethelind came flying along, almoſt out of breath, exclaiming

"Oh, my dear Angelina!" and ſitting down on the parapet, gave full vent to her

her humour. She laughed ſo immoderately, that Angelina (though her mind was at that moment more than uſually depreſſed), could not refrain from a ſmile.

"What a mad girl you are, Ethelind; what new ſubject for ridicule have you found out now?"

"Oh, my dear, ſuch a monſtrous figure!

"Really I am no conjuror, and you talk ſo in riddles, it is impoſſible to underſtand you."

"What have not I told you?"

Why, my brother and Aunt Dorothy are come, and of all the old figures and frights that have appeared ſince the Creation, ſhe exceeds them out and out.—Horace ſays ſhe is very proud of her figure, which is as thin as a wafer, and ſeven feet and a half high; Heaven help her! for her ſkin looks like duſty parchment.

Angelina

Angelina looked amazed; this was language quite new; and, little inclined to be gay, followed the mad girl, endeavouring, but in vain, to check her ill-timed raillery.

After the uſual ceremony of introduction was over, ſhe found Ethelind's deſcription very little exaggerated; and that Miſs Dorothy Popham ſurpaſſed every idea ſhe had ever formed of antiquated virginity.

Her figure was remarkably tall, and her manner of dreſs rendered her ſtill more conſpicuous; for, forgetting ſhe had paſſed her grand *climacteric*, ſhe diſplayed all the airs of a girl of ſixteen.

"I am exceſſive glad you are come, madam," ſaid Ethelind

"Yes," Miſs Dorothy replied, without obſerving the ironical manner in which it was ſpoken, "my company was always very much courted, and I flatter myſelf it is always found acceptable."

My

My acquaintance will regret my abſence very much; and indeed I ſhould never have thought of immuring myſelf in the country, if it had not been particularly to oblige your mother; though, indeed, at this time of the year we have but few routs; however, we always contrive to make up a party at whiſt or caſſino.

"Oh, how charming!" cried Ethelind.

"Yes, indeed, it is, niece; I aſſure you, I am extravagantly fond of cards; they are, of all things to me, the moſt delightful."

"I ſuppoſe you viſit all the families round this place," turning to Lady Eldwin.

"Madam," repeated her Ladyſhip, with ſurpriſe, "how can you ſuppoſe I aſſociate with any one near Eaſt Cliff?" They may be very good ſort of people, and I dare ſay they are; ſeveral of them have called, but if I was to give them encourage-

encouragement, I ſhould never have the manſion free from them; and I don't chuſe to be ſubjected to their troubleſome viſits."

"I do not ſee that at all," ſaid Miſs Dorothy; "ſurely you might viſit the clergyman's family."

"Well, Ethelind, ring the bell for the old ſteward, perhaps he can tell what ſort of people they are."

Good Heavens! thought Angelina, "has Lady Eldwin ſo ill an opinion of mankind, that ſhe fears to aſſociate with characters ſo ſacred, becauſe ſhe is not immediately known to them?—Surely ſhe is not ſo weak as to feel herſelf ſuperior to them, unleſs they are unworthy her regard!"

"Pray, Mr. Arden," ſaid her Ladyſhip, when the old man entered—"what ſort of people live at the Rectory?"

"*What*

"*What ſort* of *people*, my Lady?" ſaid the reverend man, in a tone which implied he was not very well pleaſed with the queſtion.—"*What ſort* of *people?*—I'm ſorry your Ladyſhip thought it neceſſary to aſk that queſtion, when every body knows that family is one of the worthieſt in all the country round; and it would be well, I believe, for ſome of our great folks, if they could anſwer the queſtion as ſatisfactorily."

"Well, well," ſaid her Ladyſhip, pettiſhly, "I don't want a ſermon;—but can you tell what the family conſiſts of?"

"It is but a ſmall one now," anſwered the old man, "for our good rector has been dead ſome months, but his wife and daughter reſide at the Rectory ſtill; and the young man, who is expected to be appointed to the living, and who is a diſtant relation of the deceaſed, lives with them, my Lady; theſe, with the reverend old father of Mrs. Summers, are

are the whole of the family;" and he was going to enlarge on their virtues, when her Ladyſhip ſtopt him, by ſaying "that ſhe was perfectly ſatisfied, and was not juſt then in a humour to hear any long ſtories."

He turned from her with an air of contempt; and, as he left the room, muttered in a tone of angry ſurpriſe, though not intended to be heard,— "*What ſort of people live at the Rectory?*"

"Did you ever hear ſuch an impudent old fellow?" ſaid her Ladyſhip; "he ſcarce behaves with common civility; and if I meet him ten times a day, he hardly moves his hat."

"Threaten to turn him away," ſaid Miſs Dorothy.

"That would be to no purpoſe," ſhe replied, "for the late Earl has left in his will—that thoſe ſervants who reſided in the family at his death, ſhould be retained as

as long as they choſe to ſtay; and this old fellow is left independent."

Sir Edward and his ſon entering, put an end to the converſation, but not to Lady Eldwin's diſpleaſure; the ſteward's diſreſpectful behaviour her Ladyſhip could not forget, and ſhe was viſibly diſcompoſed the remainder of the evening.

Young Mr. Eldwin was introduced, with great ceremony, to Angelina, who was preſented to him as Sir Edward's niece.

"This is an unexpected addition to our family, madam," ſaid the young man, in a manner which left her in doubt whether it was meant as a compliment or not.

He talked but little during ſupper, and what he condeſcended to ſay was particularly addreſſed to his father; for he ſeemed to forget the ladies were preſent,

ſent, by introducing ſubjects, which, from female education, it could not be expected they were converſant in.

He was a tall graceful figure, rather handſome than otherwiſe; but his countenance was marked with more auſterity than is natural to young men of his age; and there was too much of his mother's *hauteur* in his manner, to make a favourable impreſſion on the mind of a ſtranger.

Angelina, who ſeldom judged of people by outward appearances but with the moſt favourable opinion, yet ſaw ſomething in Mr. Eldwin's manner that diſguſted her; and without aſking herſelf---*why*—concluded he was a very unpleaſant young man.

All preſent ſeemed to pay his judgement the higheſt deference; and even Ethelind was leſs ridiculous than uſual. Miſs Dorothy talked herſelf hoarſe, and then complained of being terribly fatigued; they ſeparated for the night at

an early hour, and Angelina retired to her chamber with a mind engroſſed by the ſtrange occurrences of the day. She had ſeveral times attempted to viſit the ſaloon, in which the picture was placed that ſo much intereſted her on her firſt arrival, but had always been prevented; ſhe wiſhed once more to ſee it; and as the family were now retired to bed, there was no fear of interruption, and ſhe determined to viſit it. With this reſolution ſhe took up her lamp, and ſtole gently down ſtairs; but, on entering the apartment, to her utter aſtoniſhment, the portrait was no longer there; "how ſtrange," ſhe thought; "ſurely there muſt be ſome cauſe for removing it;—"ſo large a picture, too; and then the old ſteward, when I firſt noticed it, diſcovered an emotion that has augmented my curioſity; perhaps it is removed into another of theſe apartments."

She ſtood ſome minutes undetermined whether to proceed or not in ſearch of it, when a deep ſigh, which ſeemed to iſſue from

from an adjoining room, ſtartled her; and with haſty, but trembling ſteps, ſhe hurried back to her chamber.

"Yes, I have done wrong," ſhe cried; "the ſteward has often reproved me for viſiting thoſe apartments that are unfrequented by the reſt of the family; I will not venture again, for I know not how it is; but I cannot endure, even in idea, to offend that old man, though he treats the family with the contempt of one who has them all at command; yet he has always diſtinguiſhed me with the utmoſt reſpect."

For ſeveral evenings preceding this, ſhe found, placed on the window cill of her chamber, ſome of the choiceſt fruits and flowers that the ſeaſon afforded; and it was in vain ſhe endeavoured to find by whom they were conveyed there.

The ſervants were interrogated, but to no purpoſe; and as that part of the building was unfrequented by all, except Patty and herſelf, ſhe was perplexed with

conjecture; the ſigh ſeemed ſtill to vibrate on her ear; and when ſhe dropped aſleep, her alarmed imagination continued to affright her with terrifying ſcenes, and ſhe awoke very little refreſhed by her ſlumbers.

CHAP. III.

CHAP. III.

A Week had nearly elapſed, in which time Miſs Dorothy had not taken any notice of Angelina. There are ſome characters in life which we neither feel inclination to eſteem nor reſpect, and Miſs Dorothy was one of this number; for, by her ridiculous manner, which was only aſſumed to render her appearance more youthful, ſhe inſpired that contempt which we feel when age loſes its dignity, by aſſuming the follies and levities of youth, and expoſing itſelf to the cenſure of thoſe from whom it ſhould derive that reſpect, which a contrary behaviour will always inſpire.

There is not, perhaps, a more vulgar prejudice than the odium which is unex-

ceptionably caſt on that claſs of beings commonly ſtiled *old maids*; for there are a thouſand amiable women, who, from choice, and various other reaſons, have remained ſingle through life, that have not only ſhone the brighteſt ornaments of their ſex, but the moſt valuable members of ſociety.

Miſs Dorothy did not claſs with the latter; and, unfortunately, Angelina drew her attention in a manner the leaſt pleaſing; for, on the morning they were to make their intended viſit at the rectory, they were ſcarce ſeated in the carriage, when ſhe called on Ethelind to take notice of a prim figure who was croſſing the road, thoughtleſsly obſerving ſhe looked like an *old maid*.

Miſs Dorothy, whoſe greateſt pleaſure was to hear herſelf talk, was at this time ſo deeply engaged in reciting a long ſtory, that the obſervation by her would have paſſed unnoticed; but Ethelind, thinking it a good opportunity to teaze her aunt, demanded of her, in an inquiſitive

ſitive tone, if that was one of her intimates?

"What a queſtion, Ethelind——why ſhe looks as if ſhe came out of the *tombs*; my intimates, indeed!——ha, ha, a good joke, to be ſure;"——and was going on with her ſtory——

When Ethelind, who too often ſacrificed politeneſs, and ſometimes even good-nature to attain a laugh, repeated, with addition, what Angelina had ſaid.

This was touching a chord that jarred in the moſt diſcordant notes.

Miſs Dorothy's good humour was now over,—the ſtory was forgot; and, with a face expreſſive of her riſing anger, ſhe demanded "what right any one had to make ſuch rude diſtinctions in her preſence?"——

"Why, madam," ſaid Ethelind, with a ſaucy arch look, "my couſin did not

mean any reflections on *you.*" "Reflections on me?—I ſhould not have thought of that, indeed!—I was not thinking of myſelf;—only it is a ſcandalous thing, that people, who chuſe to be their own miſtreſſes, are to be ſubject to the ſaucy impertinence of a pack of *nobody-knows-who;* as for my own part, as I ſaid before, I do not ſpeak for myſelf; yet, I muſt ſay, there is far more happineſs in the ſingle ſtate than in any other, or I ſhould not have refuſed ſo many capital offers.——There was Mr. Pringle, the Sugar-baker, a man immenſely rich,---kept---I cannot tell you how many carriages; but he never would marry after I refuſed him, poor ſoul!——he is dead and gone now—and a great many more that I could mention;——but I do not ſpeak for myſelf, for I am ſure we ſee a number of ladies *like me* who prefer *celibacy,* that are far ſuperior, in perſon and manners, to thoſe who marry; but I am not ſurpriſed things are come to ſuch a paſs. A few years back, when *I was a girl,* ſuch liberties would never have been

been pardoned; but *ſome folks*, if they had not great aſſurance, would be aſhamed to look up in *certain* people's faces."

This was not addreſſed in direct terms to any one, though it was plain enough who was meant, by her *certain people*; and Angelina recollected, with pain, the promiſe given to Sir Edward; for, from the inſinuations of Miſs Dorothy, and the ill-natured reflections that Lady Eldwin continually caſt on Mrs. Beverley, ſhe did not doubt but they concluded her the daughter of Sir Edward, by that lady.

Ethelind was now ſo ſevere in her retorts on Miſs Dorothy, that the latter could no longer reſtrain her paſſion, and was quite vociferous; her ladyſhip frowned, but to no purpoſe, for her commands were of no great weight with her daughter.

Angelina, too, was heartily vexed with her, but knew it was in vain to remonſtrate, for Miſs Eldwin would have

expoſed her beſt friend to contempt or ridicule, rather than have yielded the pleaſure derived from their embarraſſment.

Miſs Dorothy was not to be appeaſed by any apology; and in this ſtate they ſtopt at the rectory.

Here Angelina forgot her chagrin, in anticipating the pleaſure ſhe ſhould derive from the ſociety of this charming family. There was a dignity in Mrs. Summers that commanded reſpect, blended with a ſoftneſs that claimed admiration and love; her behaviour to Lady Eldwin was eaſy and polite, whilſt the latter diſguſted Angelina, by aſſuming an unneceſſary conſequence, and a haughtineſs, that, inſtead of commanding the reſpect ſhe ſought, rendered her unworthy of it.

But there was one object that attracted her attention more than any other;—it was the father of Mrs. Summers.

When

When they entered, the reverend man was ſeated in his great chair, liſtening to his grand-daughter, who was reading; his head was white as ſnow, and though the traces of ſorrow were eaſily read in his countenance, yet the mild reſignation that dwelt there looked expreſſive of the awful ſerenity of a mind freeing itſelf from the bondage of mortality, and partaking, even here, of that peace which is offered as a future reward to the juſt.

Miſs Summers was rather a fine girl than a handſome one, her countenance was all intelligence, whilſt her manners wore the air of reſerve, and gave to thoſe, who were unacquainted with her virtues, an opinion not the moſt favourable.

Mr. Willmot, the young man who was expected to ſucceed to the living, was preſent during their viſit, and Ethelind did not fail to engroſs all his attention.

Here Miſs Dorothy aſſumed ſo much complacency, as could not fail to impreſs the minds of thoſe preſent with a very favourable opinion of her diſpoſition.—She ſmiled at every word, and affected ſo much good humour, that Angelina, who was not deeply read enough in human nature to know the cauſe of this ſudden tranſition, concluded ſhe had the amiable quality of forgetting when her pet was over; that ſhe had been offended——

But the truth was, that, though Miſs Dorothy affected heartily to deſpiſe thoſe who were *fools enough to marry*, a penetrating eye might have diſcovered it was not her own fault that ſhe was not added to the number; and, at the age of fifty-ſeven, was as anxious to make a conqueſt as her niece of eighteen.—No wonder, then, her countenance aſſumed ſo much affected good humour, when a gentleman, who called in at the rectory, was preſent during their viſit, and diſtinguiſhed her with particular attention.

Angelina,

Angelina, with a boſom glowing in the ardour of youth, which is ever ſeeking in others the virtue its goodneſs pourtrays, returned to the carriage highly pleaſed with their new acquaintance; but this pleaſure was ſomewhat abated, by the ill-humour of Miſs Dorothy, which now vented itſelf with reiterated force, from its having been ſomewhat ſtifled; and, the former finding no apology could appeaſe, began to fear ſhe had offended paſt forgiveneſs.

Angelina wiſhing to change the ſubject, ſpoke of the family they had quitted.

Ethelind obſerved "Mrs. Summers was one of the moſt elegant-bred women ſhe had ever ſeen."

Lady Eldwin wondered how ſhe could talk ſo. "Was it poſſible, a perſon, who lived in a retired place without any ſociety but what the *country afforded*, ſhould be ſtiled elegant?—On the contrary, ſhe could not but obſerve the airs

ſhe

ſhe aſſumed, in talking ſo familiarly to people of faſhion, were very unbecoming a *country parſon's* wife."

Ethelind was very laviſh in the praiſes of Mr. Willmot; "but, as to Miſs Summers," cried ſhe, "I long to give her a good rattling.—Why, ſhe is quite a mope. I hate thoſe girls monſtrouſly who are afraid to open their lips; I never know how to behave to them."

"She looked amiable," ſaid Angelina; "and we often find thoſe characters, which are leaſt impreſſive at firſt ſight, imperceptibly win on our affections as we are gradually acquainted with their virtues."

The carriage ſtopping, put an end to the converſation.

CHAP. IV.

CHAP. IV.

A Fortnight was now paſt without any thing material occurring.—Miſs Dorothy could not forget the inſult ſhe had received, and was at open enmity with Angelina.—This would have hurt her leſs, if Lady Eldwin had not behaved in the ſame ſevere manner.

Sir Edward was particularly attentive, and ſhe almoſt wiſhed he had been leſs ſo; for it was evidently the cauſe of her ladyſhip's ill-humour.

Mr. Eldwin had now been at Eaſt-Cliff almoſt three weeks, in which time he had ſcarce taken any notice of her, or at leaſt no more than the law of common civility demanded. If the family ſolicited

cited his company, he was too much occupied by his ſtudies to attend them, and was ſeldom ſeen but at meals, when it almoſt required an interpreter to underſtand what he ſaid; for every ſecond ſentence was either Latin or Greek.

He had, in his earlieſt years, diſcovered a genius and taſte for literature that promiſed, in his maturer ſtate, to render him a ſhining character.

Sir Edward, proud of his ſon's abilities, and with a hope of inciting him to attach himſelf more cloſely to his ſtudies, was continually ſpeaking before him of his great underſtanding; and would frequently ſay, "that, with proper application, he would be one of the greateſt ornaments of the riſing age."

But Sir Edward was miſtaken; for, like the bloſſom of an early ſpring, the fruit was blighted, and his ſupercilious, pedantic air, rendered the acquirements he attained rather a ſubject of ridicule than admiration; for, at the age of twenty-

twenty-two, when the paſſions of youth are conſidered leaſt governable, he aſſumed a character the moſt experienced age has often vainly endeavoured to ſupport; it was that of a philoſopher; and, entered on the buſy ſtage of life, as one proof againſt every evil attendant on human nature; he was to ſmile on misfortune in whatever ſhape ſhe aſſumed, whilſt the weaker paſſions of the heart he held in the utmoſt contempt. He was unacquainted with his own, and knew not what he had to encounter.

And by endeavouring to ſupport the character he aſſumed, he forgot the firſt principle of its foundation.

His judgement was conſidered by the family as infallible; they looked up to him as to one endowed with more accompliſhments of mind than any other individual ever before poſſeſſed, and this gave him the conſequence he diſplayed.

Angelina felt more ſatisfaction from her viſits at the rectory, than any other

in

in her preſent ſituation; ſhe found in Mrs. Summers all the virtues that form the moral character, united to that ſenſibility which attaches the heart—and in Lucy, one of the beſt minds under the diſguiſe of reſerve.

Lady Eldwin never prevented her from following her inclinations, ſo that ſhe was almoſt as much at the rectory as at Eaſt-Cliff.

Ethelind ſeldom accompanied her; her heart was not acquainted with the pleaſures reſulting from elegant and rational ſociety; and the manners of Mrs. Summers were rather too great a reſtraint on her volubility.

Whilſt the young people at the rectory paſſed their time in the moſt innocent and rational amuſements, Mr. Willmot was generally one of their party;—he was a ſenſible young man, and well calculated to ſupport the dignity of the ſacred character he profeſſed.

Mrs.

Mrs. Summers was anxious to ſee him in poſſeſſion of the living, but the advowſon was in the gift of the manor, and his being finally appointed depended on Sir Edward.

Sometimes Angelina believed he was engaged to Lucy, at others there was a gloom on her countenance that indicated ſhe was not happy.

She was hurt at it, for ſhe ſaw it diſtreſſed her mother, whoſe very exiſtence ſeemed to depend on the happineſs of her child.

Here Angelina enjoyed that peace which ever accompanies the innocent and good; ſhe had been carefully inſtructed in all the moral virtues that dignify human nature; her mind had been taught, that the firſt principle of religion is in ſubduing thoſe paſſions which are deſtructive in their effects on the heart, and offenſive to our fellow creatures. The motive that impelled each action ſhe endeavoured to examine,

not

not with the eye of ſelf-approbation, but as one who judges of an enemy;—and thus, whilſt ſhe ſtrengthened every virtuous principle, ſhe ſubdued thoſe inclinations that, in the beſt regulated minds, will ſometimes intrude themſelves; there was a modeſt dignity in her manner that prevented Lady Eldwin from treating her with the contempt her Ladyſhip wiſhed, and a gentleneſs in her nature that would have diſarmed the moſt inveterate; ſhe was always the firſt to oblige; for her heart, ever grateful, felt an inſtinctive duty in evincing, by her conduct, how grateful ſhe felt in the protection of Sir Edward and his family; ſhe was naturally of a chearful diſpoſition, ſenſibly alive to every emotion of the heart; ſhe ſmiled with the happy, rejoiced with the good, and with the unfortunate ſhed the tear of compaſſion; nor did this ſenſibility exiſt alone when the objects were preſent; her heart participated in every ſorrow; and if ever ſhe regretted her dependant ſituation, it was when her feelings were wounded by the ſight of thoſe miſeries which, the little

ſhe

ſhe had to beſtow, was not ſufficient to relieve.

Lady Eldwin's health was ſo indifferent as to render the journey to London unadviſable; all thoughts of it for the preſent were therefore given up, and Eaſt-Cliff conſidered as the ſummer reſidence.

Mrs. Summers's father was to enter his eighty-ſixth year on the 19th of June; and, as was the annual cuſtom, the pariſhioners on that day aſſembled at the rectory, to celebrate the good man's birth-day. Ethelind and Angelina were engaged to be of the party, the former being confined with a cold, was, much againſt her inclination, prevented from going; and the latter, as was her uſual cuſtom, went early in the morning to ſpend a long day.

The weather, as is often at that ſeaſon of the year, was very ſultry, and before ſhe had walked a mile from the houſe, the gathering clouds portended a heavy ſtorm

ſtorm. Alarmed by the ſudden darkneſs of the air, ſhe quickened her ſteps. It was on a common, where, the only ſhelter that offered, was a ſolitary tree; this ſhe luckily reached before the rain began. Too long accuſtomed to ſuch expoſures to feel any idle or unneceſſary fears, ſhe patiently remained there, expecting every moment it would be ſucceeded by thunder, the rain continuing to beat with increaſing violence. In this ſituation ſhe ſtood ſometime, when ſhe was ſuddenly ſurpriſed by a terrier, who darted from the winding of the road, and ſeating himſelf at her feet, continued to bark for the ſpace of two or three minutes unceaſingly.

Struck by an appearance ſo unuſual, ſhe looked round to diſcover the cauſe, when ſhe perceived a gentleman on horſeback, who, riding with great rapidity, immediately followed the dog, and ſought the ſame ſhelter from the ſtorm as Angelina had.

Perhaps

Perhaps ſhe never looked more beautiful than at this moment; there was a glow on her countenance that animated it beyond its uſual loveline ſs; her dreſs was always diſtinguiſhed by elegant ſimplicity, and now it was more than uſually ſo, in honour of the day.

"This is a very violent ſtorm," ſaid the ſtranger; "it came on quite unexpected."

"It did indeed, Sir," ſhe anſwered, ſomewhat relieved by the ſight of a human being.

A pauſe then enſued, when he interrupted it, by ſaying, "I am diſtreſſed, madam, to ſee you thus expoſed; your dreſs is ill calculated to withſtand this torrent of rain," for it had begun now to penetrate through the ſhade of the tree.—Vaulting from his horſe, and throwing off a travelling coat which he wore, he inſiſted on her wrapping herſelf in it with ſo much good nature and politeneſs, that, to have refuſed, would but

but have been an affectation of delicacy, for, without it, she must have been wet through.

"I am thinking," said he, as he stood to prevent the rain beating in her face, "that we are much indebted to this oak for the protection it offers, as I see no other shelter near us; it puts me in mind of those characters in life, whose virtues are only known to the unfortunate; for, had the sun shone, we should have passed it in contempt, or neglect, or perhaps even condemned it for its irregular growth, but, in the storm and the tempest, we are glad to seek its protection."

Angelina, forcibly struck by the address of her new acquaintance, perceived, as she raised her eyes to answer him, that he was a young man more than commonly elegant in his appearance.

They talked of the country, and the beauty of the surrounding scene; and she concluded, by his conversation, that he was travelling through Wales.

"I hope

"I hope you have not far to go, Madam," ſaid he; "but I am half afraid that, at all events, you will take cold."

Angelina thanked him, and aſſured him there was no danger, as the coat would act as a preventative.

"If it ſhould," he returned, "I ſhall always think myſelf fortunate, as it was by mere accident I put it on; but, travelling through the night air, I thought I ſhould want it; otherwiſe, at this ſeaſon of the year, it is ſeldom found uſeful." The clouds now began to ſeparate, and the rain was much abated.—"Will you give me leave, Madam," ſaid her new acquaintance, "to ſeek your friends, and procure you ſome conveyance home? otherwiſe, you will certainly feel the ill effects of the weather, as the fields are already almoſt inundated."

She thanked him for his polite offer, but declined accepting it, aſſuring him

there was no danger, as ſhe accuſtomed herſelf to walk out in all kinds of weather. The ſtorm being now over, they ſeparated, but not till the ſtranger had perſuaded her to take the road home, for fear of another ſhower.—She ſaw him turn repeatedly on his horſe, till ſhe reached the hill that led to the rectory; then waving his hat, as a laſt adieu, and ſpurring his horſe, he was immediately out of ſight.

What a difference, thought Angelina, there is in young men!—Mr. Eldwin would have ſeen a ſtranger beat to pieces with the rain before he would have offered them any aſſiſtance; or, if he had, it would have been in a manner that would have implied how much he thought them obliged by his condeſcenſion: Then, how different this ſtranger! There was ſo much unaffected politeneſs in his manners, without that fulſome gallantry which, to a delicate and ſenſible mind, is painful and diſguſting, that ſhe could not help regretting the improbability of their ever meeting again.

CHAP. V.

CHAP. V.

PLEASED with the *rencontre*, ſhe was in high ſpirits when ſhe reached the rectory, where, to her utter aſtoniſhment, young Mr. Eldwin was anxiouſly waiting to receive her; and, when ſhe entered the gate of the lawn, expreſſed himſelf in terms more lively than ſhe had ever heard him before.

"I am glad you are come, my love," ſaid Mrs. Summers; "we have all been anxiouſly expecting you; as for Charles, he has been running the village over; but I ſee you have been ſheltered." She related what had paſſed; and Mr. Eldwin, ſmiling in her face, ſaid, "the ſtranger was a happy man."

Angelina, at that moment, would have felt much more eaſy, if Mr. Eldwin had behaved with his uſual indifference; for there is not a ſenſation, that an ingenuous mind is more ſenſibly alive to, than that which ariſes from an ill-founded prejudice: when a character, that we have decided againſt, riſes ſuperior to the judgment we have formed, every kind word that is uttered reproaches us for the illiberal opinion.

She bluſhed, for ſhe knew not what to ſay, till he requeſted her (but not without a little of his uſual pompoſity) to favour him with her hand for the evening, as he would join in the dance; ſhe felt happy in this opportunity to oblige him, and very willingly conſented; he took his leave, and promiſed to attend with great punctuality: the company, expected to dine, conſiſted of all the principal inhabitants of the place; every face wore a ſmile of pleaſure, except Miſs Summers', whoſe countenance betrayed affected tranquillity.

Ange-

Angelina and Lucy were amuſing themſelves at the harpſichord before the company came; the latter, at the old gentleman's requeſt, attempted to ſing; her voice faultered, and ſhe involuntarily ſtopped.

"Lucy," ſaid her grandfather, "what is the matter, my love? you are out of ſpirits; be chearful *to-day*, my child, for perhaps it is the laſt time you may celebrate it."

Lucy made no reply, but haſtily quitted the room.

"Sweet child," ſaid the old man, as ſhe ſhut the door, "thy nature is too ſoft, and thy heart is too tender; and, if thy aged grandfather feels a pang in leaving this world, it is for the fate of his Lucy." There was a magnetic quality in tears, that always attracted Angelina's, and ſhe followed Lucy to hide her emotion; the latter was ſtanding in the library, with her ſtreaming eyes fixed on the portrait of her father.

"Lucy, what is the matter?" ſaid Angelina; "you are not well, or elſe you are not happy."

"I ought to be," ſhe cried, burſting into freſh tears; "but I am a weak creature, and not worthy this tenderneſs, Miſs Aubrey; my heart is too weak to reſiſt even imaginary woe; and on theſe days the image of my dear father is always before me." "Indeed, my Lucy, you muſt not give way to theſe emotions," ſaid Angelina.

"I know it is wrong," ſhe returned; "and I would conquer it if I could, on my beloved mother's account, who now claims all my duty and affection: but indeed I could not help it; for, when I recollected how often I had ſung that ſong to my loved father, and how often he had liſtened with partial delight to it, my heart ſwelled at the remembrance, and I could go on no farther; and when I look at my grandfather, and recollect a few ſhort years muſt, in the courſe of nature, take him away, my heart is ready

to

to burſt; and my mother has very bad health. Oh, Miſs Aubrey! ſhall I ever live to know ſhe too has fled from her Lucy?—The thought is agony! For who will then behold this weakneſs with tenderneſs?—or in whoſe boſom ſhall Lucy repoſe every thought of her heart? I know you will call me weak, and ſo I am; and ſo I ever ſhall be, till I ceaſe to exiſt."

Angelina would have endeavoured to convince her how neceſſary to happineſs, is the ſubduing ſuch painful reflections, as a duty we owe to ourſelves, and as a far greater that we owe to our Maker; but her boſom had caught the infection, and ſhe could not utter one word.—At that inſtant Mrs. Summers entered.

"What are you girls goſſiping about?" ſhe cheerfully aſked.

Lucy flew out of the room to hide her emotion, but Angelina's countenance

plainly evinced ſomething had been the matter.

"You are in tears, Miſs Aubrey; I will not aſk the cauſe, I know it too well; you have been weeping with Lucy. Unhappy child! for, with a heart impreſſed with every virtue, there is a weakneſs in her diſpoſition that diſtreſſes me beyond meaſure, and I fear it is too much in her nature ever to be conquered. It appears, within theſe few months, much increaſed; and, I fear, her heart is not quite ſo ſafe as ſhe imagines.—Charles does not behave ſo well as I could wiſh; I fear he perceives ſhe is fond of him, and takes advantage of it, by trifling with her feelings; and ſhe has been ſo uſed to be treated with the fondeſt affection, that the leaſt indifference pains her.

"She was an only child, and the idol of her poor father, who never ſaw one fault in her; and I always feared, from her natural turn of mind, what would enſue.

You,

You, my dear, are moſt likely to learn the true ſtate of her heart, for ſhe will bluſh to own that to her mother, which, I am ſure, ſhe conſiders as her greateſt weakneſs."

Mr. Willmot entering, put an end to the converſation, and they returned to the drawing-room; the evening was ſpent very cheerfully; Lucy affected a gaiety ſhe did not poſſeſs; and Mr. Eldwin returned to claim the hand of Angelina, but he could not help hinting how much he condeſcended. He frequently obſerved, that dancing never afforded him any amuſement; there was ſomething ſo childiſh in it; yet, no entreaties could prevail on him to relinquiſh his fair partner. They did not break up till a very late hour; and Mrs. Summers inſiſted on Angelina's ſleeping at the rectory; this was agreed on, and Mr. Eldwin promiſed to make an apology at the Caſtle.

CHAP. VI.

ANGELINA remained at the rectory upwards of a week, as the ſtorm, with all her precaution, had produced the conſequent evil; and, from that time, ſhe had been confined with a cold and ſlight fever.

Mr. Eldwin, who ſeldom viſited there, now wiſely contrived to purchaſe a horſe of young Willmot, and ſcarce a day paſſed but he called to talk of it.

One evening, after Angelina had left her chamber, he came to eſcort his ſiſter, who had been ſpending the day at the rectory, when Mr. Willmot exclaimed—

"I do

"I do not know what would have become of Mr. Eldwin, Miſs Aubrey, if you had continued much longer indiſpoſed."

She felt uneaſy, and coloured deeply, as Mr. Eldwin returned in his uſual ſtiff manner.

"Miſs Aubrey is not at all indebted to me, Sir, for the inquiries I have ſo conſtantly made, as they have been merely to oblige my father."

"And yourſelf, too, Sir," ſaid Willmot, "or I am no judge of your feelings."

"There, brother," cried Ethelind; "did not I tell you this morning, that all the old Latin and Greek books would ſoon be out of favour? And after all your logical diſcuſſions, and your philoſophical arguments, your heart would at laſt prove vulnerable."

"Peace, peace," ſaid the ſtoical Mr. Eldwin; "when women begin to give their opinions, you might as well talk to parrots, for all they ſay is merely by note."

"And a few technical terms, and ſcientific phraſes," ſaid Willmot, "are often found the ſlight baſis on which ſome *egotiſts* paſs upon thoſe, who are not wary of the deception, for men of the moſt enlarged underſtanding."

Mr. Eldwin did not feel this retort; but, turning to Willmot, continued—— "I preſume, Sir, you are not acquainted with my ſentiments, or you would have known that no incident on earth has ever any effect on me; I am out of the reach of every thing that inſpires pleaſure or pain;" "except," ſaid Ethelind, archly, "when you are contradicted, and then I believe no one feels more acutely."

"Your flippancy, Miſs Eldwin, is intolerable;" darting on her a look which

which proved the truth of what he ſaid; "and I beg I may not be interrupted, when I declare to that gentleman the philoſophical principles I have adopted."—And then, in his uſual conſequential ſtile, with an idea he was impreſſing the minds of all preſent with his vaſt underſtanding, he proceeded to convince them of his great diſdain of the world. In the midſt of this harangue, in which Latin and Greek were ſo often blended that it was difficult to underſtand what he meant, he was interrupted by Mr. Wallpole, an old gentleman who viſited at the rectory, and was then playing backgammon with Mrs. Summers's father, and who had appeared too much intereſted in the game to hear what was paſſing, when, lifting his ſpectacles from his noſe, as in the other hand he held the dice-box, he exclaimed, "fine talking, young gentleman; you are a young philoſopher! a very young philoſopher, indeed!"

"That may be, Sir," ſaid Mr. Eldwin, "but I am very competent to judge, and

and ſufficiently qualified to reaſon; and it is a character I am determined to ſupport."

"Granted, granted," ſaid the old gentleman, with affected gravity; "your long acquaintance with the world, and the difficulties you muſt in that time have encountered, render you very competent to judge, at leaſt of the practical part: But pray, Sir, for I do not entirely comprehend you, on what principles do you eſtabliſh the character?"

Mr. Eldwin was by no means diſpleaſed to convince them of his contempt of the world; and, aſſuming an air of vaſt importance, (for he concluded he was replying to one who was ignorant of what the word meant), he continued, "I conſider the bulk of mankind as idle triflers, reſting their happineſs on the purſuits of thoſe objects which are derogatory to the dignity of man."

"Umph," ſaid the old gentleman, throwing down the dice-box, and looking

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ing meaningly in the young man's face as he continued——

"I contemplate thoſe with a mixture of pity and contempt, who are daily drawing on themſelves evils which, by an exertion of reaſon, every man has power to reſiſt; and I have fortified my mind againſt theſe puerilities, by cultivating ſuch a diſdain of the world, as to be neither elevated by pleaſure, enervated by enjoyment, or depreſſed by misfortune; and this is what I call the baſis of philoſophy."

"Your thinking ſo, young man, does not prove that it is ſo," ſaid the old gentleman, gravely; "nor do you and I agree at all in our opinions; for all that I have deduced from the character you have repreſented, is, that inſtead of the wiſdom and virtues that characteriſe the philoſopher, you have ſhewn nothing but the groſſer paſſions which diſtinguiſh the man.

"This

"This ſingularity you boaſt of, is pride;—pride of intellectual endowment. You acknowledge yourſelf free from vice and virtue: *that contradicts reaſon*; for, being without the one, you muſt neceſſarily become ſubject to the other; and whilſt you ſacrifice every ſocial tie, every moral law, to procure yourſelf what you call happineſs, you are laying the foundation of much future miſery. I am an old man, and ſpeak from experience;—let this have ſome weight with you; and, inſtead of cultivating a contempt for the world, cultivate that ſort of eſteem for it as will render you an object deſerving its regard."

This was new language to Mr. Eldwin, and he liſtened with that ſort of look that implied a determination not to believe any thing the old gentleman advanced.

"You do not ſeem to credit what I ſay, young man," continued he earneſtly.

"Aſk

"Aſk your own heart, if all men were to act as you do, what would become of that ſocial order which unites man to man?—Depend upon it, it is a groſs abuſe of the power given us, when we determine to act contrary to the law of Nature; for, much as you deſpiſe thoſe purſuits which lead to the gratification of innocent pleaſure, you will ſooner or later find, that unleſs the mind has ſomething to incite it to action, or ſomething to attach it, it will ſink, wearied with its own retroſpection, to that ſtate of apathy which will render you miſerable in yourſelf, and a burden to ſociety."

And then the old man, putting on his ſpectacles, turned to the table and continued his game, without once obſerving what effect it had on his auditor.

Mr. Eldwin was determined to appear compoſed, though he ſecretly acknowledged to himſelf there was ſome truth in what had been advanced, yet not ſufficient to prove the fallacy of his argument. All his reſolutions, till now, had

had been applauded; he had been held up as a pattern to youth; and his principles ſtiled a phænomenon; and this philoſophical gentleman could ill brook, from a ſtranger, ſuch ſevere truths. Had the converſation been confined to themſelves, it would not have given him a moment's concern; for, though he could not be convinced that his conduct was erroneous, ſtill he had not been able to confute the old gentleman; and he now conſidered he ſhould loſe half his conſequence with thoſe preſent.

Angry with his ſiſter, offended by the old gentleman's freedom, and out of humour with himſelf, he returned to the caſtle, ſecretly determined never, on any occaſion, to viſit the rectory more.

The old gentleman obſerved, as ſoon as he left the room, "that he had no patience with ſuch pragmatical puppies."

Mrs. Summers ſaid, "he had many good qualities, though he was certainly very

very conceited; but ſhe believed it was more owing to the errors of education, than to thoſe of the heart."

"I do not know that, madam," replied his antagoniſt; "it argues much againſt the goodneſs of that heart which depreciates others' worth to exalt its own; and this boy, (for I cannot call him any thing elſe), laying down rules for his conduct, in the full aſſurance of his ability to abide by them, is, in my idea, preſuming too much; is it not, Charles?" turning to Mr. Willmot; "you are a parſon, boy; give us your opinion."

"Why, I think, my dear Sir, as you do—that ſuch rules as thoſe, were they practiſed by the bulk of mankind, would wholly pervert ſocial order; but, as they are only confined to individuals, they are no more offenſive than as they render the poſſeſſor uncomfortable in himſelf.

"Surely every man has a right to entertain his opinion; and, according to his own

own idea of happineſs, to purſue it, provided it is conſiſtent with virtue. If he ſteps beyond the bounds which reaſon preſcribes, his actions become criminal, and he then ought to receive the cenſure of every good man; but, in the caſe alluded to, I muſt beg leave to differ, as I think Mr. Eldwin claſſes among thoſe who are only found their own enemies."

"*Pſhaw*," ſaid the old gentleman, "that is juſt the language of the world; and ſo you can ſee a fellow-creature at the edge of a precipice without appriſing him of his danger, becauſe, truly, if he falls, he only hurts himſelf. I thought you had been a better chriſtian; he is a young man, and I think it the duty of thoſe, who are more experienced, to admoniſh him of the evils impending. It is very true, he may eſcape them; but the chance is much againſt him; and my philoſophy is this—of two evils chooſe the leaſt; and I own I am too much intereſted for the fate of my fellow-creatures to ſacrifice truth to politeneſs. Perhaps the young gentleman may call

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me an impertinent old fellow for my officiousness, as it is not in human nature to love rebukes; be that as it may, I can feel myself justified without his approbation.

"But it is growing late," taking out his watch; "and I have exceeded my usual hour; and you know I am a little particular. I will wish you good night; and remember, Mr. Willmot, we will finish our argument another time;" then shaking hands with the parson, he continued, "preach a sermon next Sunday, my boy, on the duty of man to his neighbour; and mind that you prove the truth of what I have said; do you hear?" he cried, "do not forget it," as he went out at the gate.

CHAP. VII.

CHAP. VII.

ANGELINA remained a few days longer at the rectory; and, one morning while they were at work, the converſation turned on the family at Eaſt-Cliff, when that lady related the circumſtance of the picture, adding ſhe was very curious to know the cauſe of their removing it.——

No one made any reply; and Angelina ſat ſome minutes ſilent, wiſhing, yet fearing, to aſk any more queſtions.——

At length, ſhe ventured to inquire if the Earl of Treclanna had ever any children; but ſhe had ſoon reaſon to repent the queſtion; for Mrs. Summers, unable to conceal the emotion it had raiſed, laid down

down her work, and immediately quitted the room, without ſatisfying the interrogation.

"Good heavens, Lucy! what have I ſaid to diſtreſs Mrs. Summers? Did you obſerve your mother's embarraſſment?"

"I did, indeed, Miſs Aubrey, but I am as ignorant of the cauſe as you are; my mother is always thus affected whenever the ſubject is the *caſtle*; and it was with great difficulty my grandfather perſuaded her to viſit it when Sir Edward and the family arrived. I dare ſay you always obſerve her particularly grave whenever we are there.—Once I thought it was becauſe ſhe did not like Lady Eldwin, who always behaves with ſo much haughtineſs, that it is impoſſible to reſpect her; I am ſure *I* cannot: pardon me for ſpeaking ſo freely, my dear Miſs Aubrey; but you are not blind, I am certain, (any more than your friends) to her imperfections."

Angelina coloured—ſhe was vexed; for though ſhe ſaw all her Ladyſhip's failings, ſhe did not wiſh others to notice them. Lucy continued; and I am quite at a loſs to gueſs the reaſon, for I am certain there was never any connection between the two families.

My grandfather was the illegitimate ſon of a man of great rank; but the law preventing him from ſucceeding to the title and eſtate, he was left, on his father's death, to depend entirely on his own abilities, a trifling legacy only having been bequeathed to him, with a ſmall living in Devonſhire, when the late Earl of Treclanna, with whom he had formed a ſteady friendſhip at the Univerſity, coming ſoon after to this caſtle, preſented my grandfather with the living of Eaſt-Cliff.

Soon after which, the latter married a lady of noble family and good fortune, whoſe virtues diſtinguiſhed her as one of the moſt amiable women; by her he had a ſon and two daughters, and my grandfather

father had the misfortune to loſe this valuable woman when his children were at an age that moſt required her maternal care,—for my mother was but ſeventeen, and her ſiſter two years younger:—her brother was the eldeſt, and a young man that promiſed to realize all the fond hopes of a doating father.—My grand-father's whole time, after the death of his wife, was dedicated to the education of his children: he taught them to behold each other with the pureſt affection, and ſtrengthened the tie that bound them by his own impartial love;—I have heard my mother ſay, that, excluſive of the alloy inſeparable from human happineſs (in the loſs of the beſt of mothers), they lived in the moſt perfect amity and peace.

"But it was ſhort-lived—for the evening of the day on which my uncle came of age opened his paſſage to eternity!—In going down the river on a party of pleaſure, he unluckily fell overboard. Every poſſible means were uſed for his

recovery, but in vain, and he was brought home to the rectory a corpse.

" It was a long time before my grandfather recovered the shock it occasioned, though I have heard my mother say, he was never heard to murmur or repine; and would frequently chide those gently who regretted, in terms of complaint, his son's early and sudden death.—" He is gone, my friends," he would say, " where the miseries of mortality are unknown; —he is gone to partake of *that peace*, which is offered as a reward of the just; —and though the nature of man is sensibly alive to the acute feelings, which the death of a beloved object must inflict, yet, believe me, were it possible, by complaints, to restore him again to my arms, not a wish to recall him should escape my lips.—It is true he might have lived to be a friend to his sisters, when I am no more;—but he might also have lived to experience the pangs I now feel;— aggravated still more by the miseries and calamities human nature is ever incident to in its happiest state.—And shall such selfish

ſelfiſh wiſhes cloud the happineſs that is ſtill in ſtore for me?—No!——There are other claims on my affections; and *He* who knows the ſecrets of all hearts, will, I truſt, accept this reſignation to *His* will as the pureſt offering!'

"Some time after this my mother married—it was a match of mutual affection. Many people blamed my grand-father, as my father was then only rector of a ſmall living near Bath, and it was conſidered by no means equal to my mother's expectations.

"But my grand-father would ſay—"If my daughter can make herſelf happy without the luxuries ſhe has never been uſed to, why ſhould I, by ſtarting objections, render her, perhaps, for ever miſerable?"

"My aunt, I believe, at this time died; but it will appear ſtrange, when I tell you that I never heard any of the family mention her name but once, and that was one day after you had called at the

rectory; for, on your leaving us, my mother ſaid ſhe had never beheld a countenance ſo intereſting as your's, or a more beautiful young creature in her life.—"Ah! poor child," ſaid my grandfather, with a ſigh, "ſhe is not the happier for that. Your ſiſter was very beautiful."—My mother looked uneaſy, and immediately changed the diſcourſe.—But this is digreſſing, Miſs Aubrey, from my ſtory. The former, as ſoon as my mother married, reſigned the living of Eaſt-Cliff to my dear father, finding himſelf incapacitated from performing the duties of his holy function, which the former enjoyed till within theſe eighteen months in almoſt perfect happineſs—if mutual affection, and parental love, with the reſpect of all who knew him, could render him ſo. I will paſs over that awful period, for it recurs at this moment with the moſt painful recollection.—Oh! my dear Miſs Aubrey, may you never experience the pangs attending the ſeparation from a beloved parent!—But I will not wound your feelings with the awful ſcene preceding his death. My dear mother

mother ſupported herſelf better than we expected; but ſhe will never regain her wonted chearfulneſs!—Charles Wilmot was with us, and, by his affectionate attention to my mother, rendered himſelf, to—to——I meant to ſay, he ſettled all the affairs, as my grand-father was not able. He was brought up under my father from a child, and has always lived at the rectory.—And now you are as well acquainted with our family hiſtory as myſelf; but I am afraid I have treſpaſſed on your patience."

"Not at all, my dear girl; on the contrary, you have gratified me very much:—but tell me, Lucy, does it end here, or does the rectorſhip go out of the family?"

Lucy coloured, but continued her work without ſaying a word.

"Do not think me impertinent, for, believe me, a wiſh to be acquainted with your ſentiments is inſpired by the intereſt I feel for your happineſs.—Now, tell me, Lucy, is Mr. Wilmot quite indifferent?"

"That is a queſtion, Miſs Aubrey," ſaid Lucy, "that I dare not aſk my own heart; but, to be ingenuous with you, I am afraid he is not: yet I do not believe my happineſs depends entirely upon him either.—We were brought up together from children; you may, therefore, ſuppoſe I muſt have a friendſhip for him."

"The *Platonic* ſyſtem is a dangerous one, Lucy," ſaid Angelina, with a ſmile; "and the heart never more in danger, than when it thinks itſelf moſt ſecure.—I remember Mrs. Beverley uſed to ſay ſo."

"Was Mrs. Beverley your mother, Miſs Aubrey?"—This queſtion brought the recollection of what Angelina had ſaid—She had broken the promiſe given to Sir Edward, though unintentionally—She heſitated—when Lucy, obſerving her confuſion, continued to talk of young Wilmot—"He has always behaved to me as a brother, and I have not the leaſt reaſon to ſuppoſe he ever thought of me in any other light than as a relation; and ſometimes I am very angry with myſelf

myſelf for having the vanity to ſuppoſe he will ever love me more than he now does; for, when I look at others, I cannot but feel my own imperfections; and it is the recollection of theſe that often makes me behave ſo fooliſhly: but, I am determined, whatever I feel, he ſhall never have to triumph over my weakneſs."—Lucy's countenance ſpoke her feelings more forcibly than the moſt emphatic language.——"Do not tell my mother what I have ſaid," ſhe continued; "for, though I would not keep any thing a ſecret from her for the world, yet you know if I was to tell her I loved Charles, what would ſhe think of me?—And, I aſſure you (you may imagine what you pleaſe), it is nothing but eſteem I feel for him; for not any thing would give me ſo much pleaſure as to hear he was married, provided he could be as happy as he deſerves.—Is—is—there—any one *you* think he pays particular attention *to?*" ſaid Lucy, with much confuſion.

"No—indeed—if there is, I have not obſerved it;—but why do you aſk me?" ſaid Angelina.

"Nay, I do not know," ſhe returned—"I may be miſtaken;—to be ſure he goes very often to Sir Edward's—though it is nothing to me you know.—I hope, however, Miſs Eldwin ——" She pauſed, in hopes Angelina would anticipate what ſhe wiſhed to ſay—but, finding her ſilent, ſhe continued to expreſs her fears that Ethelind was the attraction.

Angelina did not require any farther proof to convince her how much Lucy's heart was intereſted in Charles's happineſs, and would have been heartily glad to have encouraged her, if her own obſervations on his conduct had not convinced her there was no probability of his returning it; and though Angelina did not chuſe to ſay ſo, ſhe knew enough of Lady Eldwin, and Sir Edward's diſpoſition, to convince her that Ethelind's eſtabliſhment in life was conſidered as the future aggrandiſement of the family.—The very idea of Ethelind's marrying a country parſon would have been held in contempt, even ſuppoſing her happineſs depended on it; and

and ſhe aſſured Lucy that was almoſt impoſſible, as ſhe underſtood from the family her couſin was already engaged to a young man of great fortune, who was expected daily at Eaſt-Cliff.

CHAP. VIII.

ANGELINA, after having ſpent a few more days at the rectory, was now to return to the caſtle, and with great reluctance parted from her amiable friends.—The regret was mutual, for Mrs. Summers and Lucy expreſſed the utmoſt concern at her leaving them. On her paſſing the ſpot which had ſheltered her from the ſtorm, the recollection of the ſtranger and his politeneſs naturally recurred to her memory. She ſtopped involuntarily to look at it; and recollecting the ſimile he had uſed, by comparing it to the friend of the unfortunate—at that moment ſhe felt ſuch a veneration for the poor old oak, that the idea of its ever being rooted up gave a pang to her heart, which ſtoiciſm might call a weakneſs; but, if it were ſo, it is a weakneſs that thouſands have evinced: for when the mind is ſoftened by gratitude,

titude, even inanimate objects will excite thoſe affections; and the force of nature is not to be reſiſted.

She was now revolving in her mind all the ſtranger had ſaid to her;—his manners were eaſy and polite, and ſhe concluded, from his addreſs, he was no inferior perſon. This was the ſubject of her thoughts when the voice of Mr. Eldwin ſtartled her.—"Angelina," he exclaimed, "I could almoſt fancy, from the expreſſion of your countenance, you were *thinking*.—Now, as there is ſomething ſo novel for a lady's exerciſing the faculty of thought, I ſhould like to know the ſubject of your's—probably they were engaged in fancying a new cap—or in ſtudying what colour was moſt becoming;—was it not ſo, my fair couſin?"—taking her hand, and looking familiarly in her face.

She was provoked at his addreſſing her ſo rudely; and, drawing away her hand, replied—"Severity of opinion, Mr. Eldwin, is generally formed from nice ob-

ſervation; and, if I gueſs right, you would not be pleaſed if I were to prove your's totally groundleſs."

"Heyday!—I wiſh you are not quite in heroics this morning—Why this is in the very ſtrain of my ſiſter; but, as you don't chuſe to tell me, I will not teaze you; though you need not have been afraid, for I never expect a Minerva in the perſon of Venus! But, come—let us walk"—offering his arm—"Ethelind has been very impatient for your return—or, at leaſt, ſhe affects to be ſo. I told her this morning, it was only to make herſelf particular, as it was impoſſible for one lady to be ſo fond of another; particularly when beauty is in the way—and the luſtre of your eyes, Angelina, would eclipſe the whole world, if you had not the advantage of any other perſonal attraction."

"You are very ſevere on our ſex, Mr. Eldwin," ſaid Angelina, without noticing the latter part of his ſpeech.

"There

"There you are miſtaken," he cried—"Oh, no—far otherwiſe;—I know the weakneſs of your NATURE too well to condemn where I ought to pity.—It is not your fault, but *her's*, that has beſtowed on you ſo ſmall a ſhare of intellectual endowment."

"Pardon me, Mr. Eldwin—ſhould it not rather excite your envy than pity?—for where ſuperior intellects are given, ſuperior actions and ſentiments are expected."

"To be ſure, my dear, they are the natural conſequences produced by ſuperior abilities.—What a ſtrange obſervation!—Did you ever know it otherwiſe?"

This was ſaid with ſuch an air of ſelf-ſufficiency, that Angelina could not help anſwering—"Indeed I have; and I have often thought, that, where intellectual endowment, or rather learning, produces nothing but arrogance, time had better roll on unoccupied."

"*Pſhaw!*—that is abſolute nonſenſe;—for every body will allow, that wiſdom always excites admiration."

"Wiſdom may," ſhe returned, "but not learning."

"And where is the difference between wiſdom and learning, Miſs Aubrey?"

"The one, I think, is knowledge attained—the other, natural underſtanding, producing very different effects. The learned man is often acquainted with every knowledge but *that* which is moſt uſeful; he feels himſelf ſuperior to the world, and, by his neglect of ſocial duties, commits the greateſt extravagancies;—whilſt the wiſe man, equally converſant, and with a mind equally enlarged, forgets not the claims of his fellow creature, and becomes doubly valuable to ſociety, by uniting the wiſdom of the philoſopher to the character of the man."

"'Pon my word, Miſs Aubrey!—May I aſk out of what book you have picked up this harangue?"

"Out

"Out of the book of obſervation," ſhe continued, with an arch ſmile.

"Then I would adviſe you, Madam, before you give your ſentiments ſo freely, to ſtudy your author a little better.—It is not becoming in young ladies, or any ladies at all, to ſpeak on ſuch ſubjects. There is a great indelicacy in it; and, I aſſure you, there is nothing, in my opinion, ſo contemptible as a woman who takes the liberty of talking before men of underſtanding.—I do not mean to vex you, for I know it is the fault of the preſent mode of education. In times little antecedent to theſe, the women were mere *cyphers*, as nature intended them."

To the relief of Angelina, Wilmot met them, and interrupted Mr. Eldwin from longer diſplaying his oratorical powers—He eſcorted her to the gate, and bidding her, with an air of pique, "Good morning," put his arm in Mr. Wilmot's, and walked haughtily away.

"Perhaps I have done wrong," ſaid Angelina, when they were gone;—"but I was

I was provoked at his contempt of the ſex. Yet that does not juſtify my offending him—I almoſt wiſh I had made an apology—yet what could I have ſaid?"

She would have thought very differently at that moment, had ſhe been acquainted with Mr. Eldwin's ideas. Vanity was by no means the ſmalleſt of this young man's failings, and he fancied every woman that beheld him muſt be enamoured of his perſon. Theſe ideas he cheriſhed as particularly gratifying, for they accorded exactly with the principles he adopted:—he certainly intended to marry, though he was determined never to be in love till ſecure of the lady's affections; and, even then, ſhe was to convince him her happineſs depended entirely on him, before he condeſcended to declare his ſentiments.—His dogmatical and cavalier diſpoſition would have provoked a ſtoic; it drew upon him the cenſure and ſeverity of all his acquaintance.—Yet he had many good qualities, and, when he choſe, could render himſelf very agreeable. At ſuch times Angelina

lina would be vexed with herſelf for ever thinking meanly of him. She felt for him all that the relationſhip excited; and, with a diſpoſition naturally affectionate, ſhe behaved to him as ſhe would have behaved to a brother.—All that had paſſed was now forgot, in anticipating the happineſs of ſeeing her uncle, to whom ſhe was particularly attached.—His conduct to her, from the firſt, had always been tender and affectionate;—ſhe had often beheld him look at her with the fond ſolicitude of a parent, and, in theſe moments, ſhe believed an inſtinctive duty bade her behold him with the dutiful confidence of a child.—In her young, inexperienced heart he was every thing that was good and amiable; nor could this be a ſubject of wonder,—as the ſemblance of virtue will not fail to excite in the unſuſpicious the ſame veneration and reſpect as the reality of it, whilſt it produces the ſame effects.

When Angelina entered the ſaloon, where the family uſually breakfaſted, ſhe found Lady Eldwin and Miſs Dorothy at work;—

work;—the former received her with more than uſual indifference.

"Law, bleſs me!—are *you* returned?" ſhe exclaimed. "I am ſure we did not expect you."

"Did not you, Ma'am?" ſaid Angelina—rather confuſed by her Ladyſhip's coldneſs—"I wonder at that!—for Mr. Eldwin called laſt night at the rectory, and was ſo importunate for my return, that I thought it was by your particular deſire."

"Mr. Eldwin is vaſtly officious!" ſaid her Ladyſhip.—"My *particular wiſh*, indeed!"—ſhe continued in an ironical tone, and with an affected laugh——"Really, you muſt have great vanity to ſuppoſe I ever think about you; particularly when we conſider the honourable tie that binds you to this family:—there are very few people, I fancy, that would behave as I do!" ſhe continued, with the colour mounting in her face.

"No,—

"No—I believe not, indeed!" ſaid Miſs Dorothy—"I am ſure *I* could not."

Angelina, who was too well acquainted with the meaning of her Ladyſhip, made no reply; but, with a marked emphaſis on the word, aſked for her uncle;—when, to her utter aſtoniſhment, ſhe was told he was gone to Briſtol. Her ſpirits had been agitated through the day, and this new diſappointment did not relieve them—She burſt into tears.

"Bleſs me!" ſaid Miſs Dorothy (who was ſitting at the table threading large yellow beads for a necklace)—"you are come home from the rectory in a comical fort of a humour—I am afraid you are not quite recovered, Miſs; though, to be ſure, you look as blooming as if you were juſt come off the Welſh mountains, and not out of a ſick room!"

"I cannot endure to ſee any one with ſo much colour," cried her Ladyſhip—"it is ſo prodigious vulgar and countryfied!"

"Pray,"

"Pray," continued Miſs Dorothy, looking at Angelina with affected concern —"does the young parſon adminiſter relief *to the heart* as well as *the ſoul*, Miſs Aubrey?"

"Indeed, Ma'am, your language is quite unintelligible."

"Oh, I dare ſay it is," ſaid Miſs Dorothy. "We are all to ſhut our eyes, I ſuppoſe!—No—no—my dear——There are very few people in the world that have more penetration than myſelf—though I ſay it. Young women are ſeldom ſo fond of running to church, when it is only to ſay their prayers; and, do you think I have not watched you—always ſeating yourſelf oppoſite the pulpit—though you have often heard me declare it was *my* particular, favourite ſeat?"

"Were I conſcious," ſaid Angelina, with an inſulted dignity—"that Miſs Dorothy did not expect I was deſerving of this reproof, I ſhould feel all that you wiſh to inſpire; but, at preſent, you will pardon

pardon me, if I ſay, Ma'am, the unjuſt ſuſpicions you have entertained, neither do credit to your judgment, or your heart."

"'Pon my word," ſaid Miſs Dorothy, "I am glad I know your opinion, however.—Well—this was more than I expected, to be ſure!—Neither do credit to my judgment, or heart!—A very modeſt aſſertion, truly!—Don't you think ſo, niece?"—turning to Lady Eldwin.

"Indeed, Madam, I am quite ſhocked; and, if I was not fearful of irritating my nerves, I would exert myſelf to ſhew you how much I am offended.—Oh, dear!—it is a dreadful misfortune to have ſuch ill health!—I declare I am in ſuch a tremor, that I ſhall not be well this week, with hearing ſuch impertinence! Pray leave the room—for I cannot ſupport the ſight of you.—Go—go to your chamber!"

Angelina's boſom was ſwelling with indignation, and ſhe left the room with a haughtineſs foreign to her nature. She could

could not bear to be ſuſpected of ſuch indelicacy—and the cruel inſinuations of Lady Eldwin were ſtill more painful;—but, as ſoon as ſhe reached her chamber, her heart gave vent to its emotion—her paſſion was over—and ſhe felt ſhe had done wrong—" I have treated with inſolence a woman, whoſe years ſhould have ſhielded her from the impertinence of a girl; and her thinking I acted wrong, juſtified her reproving me—I will immediately return, and beg her to pardon me."

The intention was no ſooner formed than put in execution; and, juſt as ſhe reached the door of the ſaloon, revolving in her mind what ſort of an apology ſhe ſhould make, the voice of a ſtranger ſtopped her—" No"—ſhe cried, " I cannot go in now—I ſhould only expoſe myſelf." It was certainly no mortification to return, for duty, not inclination, had impelled her to make the conceſſion.

In paſſing the door of Ethelind's room, which was half open, Angelina eagerly enquired after her.

" Lawd!—

"Lawd!—is it you!"—ſhe exclaimed "Why, we did not expect you till next week;—but, now you are come, do tell me which is the moſt becoming—this wreath of flowers, or a turban, for Agnes and I cannot determine."

"*Pardie!* Mademoiſelle!"—cried the French woman—"I am ſure nobody ſo good judge as yourſelf. Mademoiſelle know nothing about it—ſhe never in London."

Angelina began to think there was a conſpiracy formed againſt her, for every one behaved with unuſual indifference; but ſhe anſwered—"That either was very becoming."

"Well—I vow this is the moſt monſtrous, old, out-of-the-way place in the world!" cried Ethelind—"One can never get any thing to wear but what was patterned from my great-grand-mother's cloaths—I am ſure I look a fright!—don't I?"

Pardie!

"*Pardie!* Mademoiſelle—how you talk!" ſaid Agnes.

Angelina could not help ſmiling at the diſorder the room was in, for every chair was filled with caps, handkerchiefs, and all the etceteras—and the floor covered with half her wardrobe.

"Agnes," ſaid Ethelind, "I wiſh my hair was out of powder—look at my couſin's—how much more becoming it is without any ornament! Oh! that ſome of my old muſty relations would but pop off, that I might go into mourning—it is ſo ſweetly becoming to the complexion! —I wiſh you had not come home," ſhe continued, addreſſing Angelina—"And, what is ſo provoking, you look handſomer to-day than ever I ſaw you! I dare ſay my mother is much vexed, for ſhe is fearful of my being rivalled."

"*Pardie!* Madmoiſelle!" cried the French woman, raiſing her hands, and eyes, "I'me ſure there be no fear."

"*Pardie! I'me ſure there is though,*" ſaid Ethelind.

"But why are you ſo particularly anxious to day about your appearance?" aſked Angelina.

"Oh! what have you not heard?" ſhe anſwered. "Why, we expect a ſmart beau here; and, bye the bye, we have had ſuch a dearth of them lately, that, at preſent, they are by no means contemptible:—therefore I muſt appear to the beſt advantage; for you are to know I am enliſting him into my ſervice,—that is, by juſt giving him hope enough to feed his ſighs.—Oh, if I were but in London, you ſhould ſee what a catalogue I would have of them."

"Upon my word," ſaid Angelina, "you are the very criterion of generoſity; and what precedent have you to authoriſe ſuch a groſs abuſe of power?"

"You are the greateſt baby in the world," cried ſhe, careleſsly.—"Why,

its the commoneſt thing in nature to affect what we don't feel, and ſay what we don't think;—every one does ſo. But I forgot to tell you that this is the gentleman whom you have heard my mother ſpeak ſo highly of:—he was a ward of my father's—he has been with us theſe ten days—and left us laſt Sunday to viſit a relation—we expect him to return to-day.—He's exceſſive handſome, and tolerably gallant. I aſked him how he liked Eaſt-Cliff, a day or two after he had been with us;—he told me it was perfect Elyſium; for, till he came into Wales, he never had a juſt idea of beauty; and I am ſure he looked at me!—there's for you!—But aunt Dolly would have it he caſt his eyes on the other ſide of the room. I verily believe ſhe thought it was herſelf—ſhe ſmirked, and looked ſo good-humoured."

"I underſtand," ſaid Angelina, "this is the gentleman you ſaid you were engaged to ———"

"Oh! ſo it is—though I never ſaw him before;—but my father and mother propoſed

poſed this match to him ſome time ago; and, as he did not reject it, my mother tells me I am actually engaged to him; though, to be ſure, he has never ſaid any thing to me.—But it looks odd, you know, that he ſhould come back to us again; for, at firſt, he ſaid he could only ſtays a few days. My father has had the care of him from a child, which has attached him cloſely to our family.—I am juſt in a humour for telling a long ſtory:—will you liſten to it, Angelina?"

She anſwered in the affirmative.

Ethelind then entered into a long detail of the circumſtances attending his becoming a ward of her father's;—the heads of the narrative were as follow:—

"The father of Mr. Montague was the only brother of Lord Algernon; they had alike been ſeparated from their parents at an age when the imbecillity of youth requires the tenderneſs and defenſive ſhield of parental care and watchfulneſs—to ward off thoſe hydra-aſſailants, who,

ever on the ſcowl, ſeize upon the heart before it has learned the virtue of reſiſtance.

"The influence of early impreſſions over the youthful mind, is ſo univerſally acknowledged, and forcibly illuſtrated, both by ancient and modern examples, that it needs no commentator:—yet, ready as we are to acknowledge its effects, inconteſtible as are its proofs, and weighty as is its importance—how ſeldom do we find this momentous period of life eſtimated as the immediate cauſe of all our future happineſs!—Thoſe who have the guidance of youth too frequently paſs over the days of infancy in total indifference and neglect; or elſe fatally cheriſh, with a ſanctionary ſmile, thoſe venial errors of youth, which the peccability of our nature ſo obviouſly ſubjects us to.—This incautious incitement to error, either by the low cunning of the dependant, or the thoughtleſſneſs of the parent, originates in the idle and dangerous deſire of awakening in their little minds a ſpirit of reſiſtance, of which whilſt in others we

we behold the criminality of its effects, in them we are inadvertently nouriſhing its growth; for at that unſteady age, before the principles are fixed, or ſentiment formed—when the native bias of the mind is ſo eaſily directed, and the heart and underſtanding ſo readily ſubdued—when the unreſtrained confidence of youth render them ſo open to impreſſion—then is the moment to inculcate every noble principle, and extirpate every evil one.

"Inſtead of which their paſſions are permitted to maſter thoſe by whom reaſon directs they ſhould be governed. Even in their infantile ſports they are trained to cruelty;—the bird is fettered to pleaſe them—the fly is tortured to amuſe them—and the firſt leſſon they learn is, to tyrannize:—for whether it be the emperor or his ſlave, the camel or the fly, the unneceſſary deſtruction or torment of either muſt be offenſive to HIM who gave life to all; and he who wantonly ſports with the life of a reſiſtleſs, unoffending animal, would not ſcruple, if he had an equal power, to exerciſe the ſame cruelty over

his fellow creatures—" The poor beetle that we tread upon, in corporal ſufferance, feels a pang as great as when a giant dies."

" The Earl and his brother had been left to the guidance of a man, who, not chooſing to appreciate the ſacred truſt depoſited by his friend, in leaving him the *guardian* of his children,—and finding more care and trouble attached to the office than he had inclination to exerciſe, he committed them to the care of a Mr. Greville, who undertook the charge of their minority in the capacity of tutor and friend.

" This gentleman was entirely a man of the world, ſhrewd, penetrating, and well ſchooled in the noble art of hypocriſy; ever watchful and attentive to his own intereſt, to which he ſcrupled not ſacrificing all honor and probity:—yet was he eſteemed ſufficiently qualified for this important truſt, being perfectly acquainted with all the requiſites for forming the great man (in the preſent acceptation of the

the word), his morals, character, and integrity having been but ſuperficially inveſtigated.

" By examining the native bias of the minds of each of his pupils, he ſoon learned to regulate his conduct towards them by that rule which was moſt likely to further his own advantage.

" Lord Algernon was two years older than Mr. Montague,—of a diſpoſition naturally good, but he wanted that animating warmth, that manly ſpirit of virtue, to render him an intereſting object: there was an inanity in his nature, that tendered a paſſive obedience to every one's will; the inſtructions given him he received more mechanically, than as the baſe of his future eminence.—He was told of his great ſuperiority—he believed it, without knowing in what it conſiſted:—he was taught to behold his brother with contempt—he learned the leſſon—but it pained him to practiſe it.

" Mr. Montague was the reverſe of his brother:—he was high-minded and faſ-

titious; yet had he a heart as noble as ever warmed the boſom of man—ardent in his diſpoſition, and naturally violent in his paſſions, he was not to be made, like his brother, the eaſy dupe of Mr. Greville. —He ſaw the narrowneſs of his tutor's mind, and deſpiſed him—he rejected, with contempt, his fawning adulation, and openly diſclaimed obedience to his will.

"Mr. Greville, who had always endeavoured to conciliate their favor by a ready acquieſcence to the will of his pupils, now found, too late, that it was impoſſible to command reſpect where he had neglected to cultivate eſteem.—He would one moment rancorouſly perſecute, and the next as baſely cringe, when inſulted by thoſe virtues he had ſo long laboured to extinguiſh.

"Lord Algernon, however, was ſtill ſubſervient to his wiſhes; and the only chance of his remaining ſo was, by ſeparating the brothers. This was not difficult to effect, for he had, with equal art,

art, as induſtry infuſed into each of their minds the rancorous ſeeds of jealouſy.—This ſubtil poiſon he had conveyed into the boſom of Alfred, by repreſenting the young Lord as arrogating ſuperiority, on the advantages he poſſeſſed in title and fortune.

"Lord Algernon he had impreſſed with a high ſenſe of his brother's abilities; artfully contriving to inſpire emulation, whilſt he as inſidiouſly checked it, by hinting at the impoſſibility of his attaining any degree of excellence.

"Thus was all the native confidence of youth reſtrained—their earlieſt affections fatally alienated—and the days of their infant reciprocity exchanged for thoſe of malignancy and mutual diſtruſt.

"Alfred, warm and impetuous in his temper, was fired with indignation at the verſatile conduct of his tutor; and, ſtung by the cold haughtineſs of his brother, in all the warmth of ungoverned youth, he flew to his guardian, and

demanded the immediate diſmiſſion of Mr. Greville. But this was not to be ſo eaſily accompliſhed:—he had wound himſelf too cloſely round the heart of Lord Algernon to admit of the requeſt being granted; and when it was propoſed to the latter, he liſtened to it with that genuine indignation reſulting from a firm faith in the virtues of thoſe, who are labouring under the malignancy of falſe accuſation.

"It would be now too prolix, and too unintereſting, to enter minutely into the train of reprehenſible and injudicious means by which theſe brothers' affections were ſo unhappily eſtranged, through the baſe infidiouſneſs of this man of *bows* and *ſmiles*, and deliberate treachery.

"Mr. Montague obtained permiſſion to finiſh his ſtudies at Edinburgh. It was there his intimacy with Sir Eward Eldwin commenced. Their friendſhip flowed not from ſimilarity of temper, but from that undelineable affection of the mind, which

which holds ſuch influence over the actions——the power of ſympathy.

"At this ſeat of learning, in ſyſtemizing his future life, embelliſhing his manners, enlarging his underſtanding, and, moſt of all, in improving his heart, five years had elapſed, when he became, according to the will of his father, the director of his own conduct.

"Lord Algernon, in the mean time, was every way the reverſe of his brother—Under the baneful influence of Mr. Greville, he made his grand *debut* into the great world, and was early initiated into all the criminal indulgencies of the times:—he dreſſed faſhionably, gamed faſhionably, drank faſhionably, and, in the *true ſpirit of faſhion*, endeavoured to ſeduce the affections of every married woman he met with.

"He had neither virtue to condemn, nor courage to reſiſt, the mighty PHALANX of diſſipation that was forming to deſtroy him.—A wild ſpirit of inconſiſtency gave

a new colour to his diſpoſition, that very ill accorded with the ſteady ſentiment and affection of Mr. Montague.—He regretted the pufillanimity into which his brother was ſinking, and bluſhed when he reflected on the inſignificance of his character. But this ſenſibility might have been ſpared him, if he had reflected, in this age of faſhionable refinement—'tis the true poliſh—the ſuperlative of *Beinſeance!*—Theſe are the glorious *accompliſhments* which eſtabliſh *eclat*, and characterize, at preſent, the *true* man of faſhion!

" But if Mr. Montague had not experience enough to make theſe reflections, he had wiſdom to behold the criminality of his brother's conduct, and to avoid ruſhing into the ſame perilous ſtream.—With a diſpoſition to ſeek pleaſure in the receſſes of knowledge, and with a mind harmonized and attuned to the milder enjoyments of life, he turned with involuntary diſguſt from this ſcene of frivolité, and, early in life, retired to a ſmall eſtate on the borders of Scotland.

But

"But it was not to fly the intercourſe of man, that he ſought the peaceful Glencairn;—it was not to cheriſh miſanthropy, and eraſe the ſocial virtues (the brighteſt ornaments of the human heart!),—but it was to claim the hand of a young creature, whoſe affections he had achieved, and on whom all his hopes of future happineſs depended:—for not the brilliant graces of the finiſhed coquet, with all her intereſting attractions—the bewitching vivacity—the faſcinating ſmile—nor the affected languiſhment of diſguiſed ſentiment, had power, even for one moment, to detach his unalienable heart from the object of his firſt affection.

"Theſe arts only ſerved to throw a *ſombre* ſhade over their native graces, by placing his Elwina in the ſame picture, where he beheld her beauty augmented by the gloom her cotemporaries were thrown in.

"Mr. Montague's acquaintance with her commenced at the houſe of a family where he reſided during the vacations.—

The

The ſimplicity of her manners, and her unaffected gentleneſs, firſt attracted his attention:—he had frequent opportunities of examining the native beauties of her character, and every day brought freſh conviction of its purity.—Though very young, he found her underſtanding far above mediocrity, and her mind, rich in the unſophiſticated gifts of nature.

"But too many obſtacles preſented themſelves in oppoſition to his wiſhes:—he was well acquainted with the pride of his family, and dreaded the indignities they would offer her.—She had no line of titled anceſtry to boaſt, neither could ſhe trace from whom her father's great-grandfather deſcended; for, unluckily, the only tradition that had been handed down was UNSULLIED VIRTUE!—this ſhe could trace—and no more.

"Could he have been perſuaded to have introduced her to the world as his *miſtreſs*, they would have heard it with a ſmile, and applauded *him* for his gallantry;—the *dignity* of his family they would

would have conſidered unſullied, though the ſacred *tie of honor* had been violated to preſerve it.—But not having what is called prudence enough to make theſe diſtinctions, nor ſpirit to practice them, he rather choſe to ſacrifice pride than virtue, and, in defiance of their perſuaſions, *married her.*

" This unpardonable offence was ſoon communicated by Mr. Greville to his pupil, and repreſented as the groſſeſt indignity.—This gentleman ſtill continued, with artful ingenuity, to direct and govern Lord Algernon. He had long beheld, with a jaundiced eye, the ſuperior underſtanding of Mr. Montague, and dreaded his influence over the heart of his brother.—An opportunity for eſtranging them ſo effectually was not to be neglected, and his exertions effected it; for Lord Algernon, and the reſt of his family, on Mr. Montague's marriage, excluded him from all intercourſe with them.

At

" At Glencairn, in the ſociety of his beautiful and amiable wife, he ſought that happineſs for which he had renounced the faſhionable diſſipations of youth, and all their concomitant ills;—and amply was he rewarded for the relinquiſhment,—for here he found all his hopes of happineſs realized.

" Mrs. Montague was young, and a ſtranger to the world—he wiſhed her to remain ſo.—His whole ſoul was wrapped up in her virtues—for he doated on her almoſt to enthuſiaſm.

They were the happieſt pair of human kind—
The rolling year its varying courſe purſu'd,
And back return'd again;
Another, and another, ſmiling came,
And ſaw their happineſs unchang'd remain:
Still in her golden chain
Harmonious concord did their wiſhes bind.

" At this period of his life, the only perſon who aſſociated with them, in any degree of intimacy, was Sir Edward Eldwin (then only Mr. Eldwin), ſo deeply were they buried in retirement; but, in proportion

proportion as Mr. Montague eſtranged himſelf from the reſt of the world, thoſe whom he honored with his regard he marked with a ſincerity all his own.

" His friendſhip for Sir Edward had received a conſiderable augmentation by ſome ſervices the latter had rendered him, and he thought no exertions ſufficient to repay the obligation. The inmoſt receſſes of his mind were laid open to him, but his heart might have been read by a leſs intuitive comprehenſion than Sir Edward's.

" To a young man, as the latter was juſt riſing in his profeſſion, the cultivation of this friendſhip was not to be neglected; and, by the exertions and intereſt of Mr. Montague, Sir Edward ſoon became permanently eſtabliſhed *in the law.*

" Thus, in the intercourſe of mutual affection and ſociability, glided away five years in uninterrupted peace; during which time they received a conſiderable increaſe

increaſe to their happineſs, by the birth of the preſent Mr. Montague.

" About this period Sir Edward was called to London, on a trial of ſome importance.—Mr. Montague propoſed viſiting it with him:—in this reſolution he parted with his wife and ſon, and accompanied Sir Edward.—London, however, he ſoon found had acquired no new charms, ſince all intercourſe with his family was denied him. He found his brother in the high road to ruin, his health impaired, and his paternal eſtate mortgaged, whilſt he was trying to amend his broken fortunes, by deſcending to become the tool of every political machination. Vexed and diſguſted, he waited not for Sir Edward; for, finding every place a deſert without his Elwina, he eagerly bade adieu to London, and returned to the peaceful Glencairn.

" But, alas! he ſought it in vain; for during his abſence a moſt extraordinary and melancholy event had taken place, that over-ſhadowed, at once, every bright

proſpect

proſpect of joy, and annihilated every ſenſe, but that of miſery.

" The wife of his boſom—the mother of his child—ſhe whoſe ſympathetic heart ſhared all his joys, and participated in his ſorrows—had burſt the *ſacred tie* of *wedded* affection!—for ſhe had fled the protection of her huſband, and the ſanctuary his roof afforded her.—Stupified with horror, he was, at firſt, almoſt inſenſible to his miſery,—till the certainty of it ruſhed upon his mind, in the conviction of truth, and awakened him into the phrenzy of extremeſt wretchedneſs.

" Mrs. Montague had quitted the houſe three days before her huſband's arrival, under the appearance of regret at having received a letter to follow Mr. Montague to London.—She had manifeſted a more than common reluctance to undertake the journey, and when ſhe parted from her child her grief was exceſſive:—ſhe claſped him to her boſom in all the anxiety of fearful tenderneſs; and, with the moſt emphatic and repeated

ed charges, committed him to the particular care of her own woman.

" She had taken with her no other apparel than what was ſufficient for her journey: the few little valuables that belonged to her remained, except a miniature picture of Mr. Montague.

" One of the domeſtics, who had lived in the family ſome time, was anxious to accompany his miſtreſs; but no intreaties could prevail on her, and ſhe ſet off in a hired chaiſe, unattended.

" This was all the account the ſervants could give their maſter, who, from the ſimplicity of their anſwers, and the unfeigned ſorrow they manifeſted, fully acquitted them of being acceſſary to her elopement.

" Mr. Montague was, by nature, poſſeſſed of the livelieſt affections; but, by education and long ſtudy, he had completely (in his own idea) ſubdued them.

" In the cool moments of reflection, how eaſy is it to philoſophize!

" He had taught himſelf to conſider this world but as a probationary ſtate—to enjoy, with gratitude, the good that was diſpenſed—and to ſubmit with patient reſignation to every evil that was inflicted.

" But the agonies of the preſent moment too fatally convinced him, that the force of reaſon was not equal to the force of nature; for, with all his acquired fortitude, with all his philoſophy,—this unexpected—this tremendous threat of an annihilation of his peace, drove him to a ſtate of actual deſpondency.

" Is there a mind, however a ſtranger to the refined feelings of humanity, that does not pauſe for one moment, and contemplate with inſtinctive horror this groſs violation of faith and apoſtacy from virtue?

" Would that theſe *evils*—theſe diſgraces to *human nature*—theſe *inſidious violators*

violators of all that is ſacred!—would that they were the beings of a bewildered imagination—that theſe ſcenes were the wild chimeras of inventive fancy!—But, alas! no ſooner do we quit the page as illuſive, and turn into the PATHS of LIFE, than we behold them all too fatally REALIZED.

" In the firſt paroxyſm of grief he ſent for Sir Edward, who, with the ardor of friendſhip, flew to him; and difficult he found it to offer him any conſolation, for his horror and ſurpriſe appeared almoſt equal to Mr. Montague's. There was but one ſuggeſtion that acquired any weight from its probability,—namely, that, in a fit of inſanity, ſhe had deſtroyed herſelf.—This idea was renovation to his ſinking ſpirits, compared to that of her diſhonour. Sir Edward voluntarily offered his ſervices (though he was at that time much immerſed in buſineſs), to go in ſearch of her. Every poſſible means were uſed to diſcover the route ſhe had taken—Sir Edward travelling one way, Mr. Montague the other;—when,

when, finding all their efforts ineffectual, in order to diſſipate his unhappy reflections, he was prevailed on to viſit the Continent.—After many perſuaſions he agreed to it; and leaving his ſon (the preſent Mr. Montague) to the care of Sir Edward, he quitted England, with a heart replete with wretchedneſs.

" Though the oſtenſible cauſe of the rupture with his family was removed, he had not reſolution enough to ſeek a re-union;—he felt that, criminal as ſhe appeared, he could not bear to hear her ſpoken of with indignity;—and he knew the world, which ſo readily judges by effects, was not likely to ſuſpend its judgment till traced up to its cauſe.

" He continued to write frequently to England, but, by his letters, Sir Edward diſcovered that the Continent could not reſtore him to tranquillity. His epiſtles breathed nothing but the happineſs once in poſſeſſion—ſometimes calling on the ſource of his miſery in frantic rage—ſometimes in all the tenderneſs of pity.

Thus

" Thus this amiable but unfortunate man lingered in all the horrors of ſuſpence for two years, vainly ſeeking to mitigate his ſorrows by mixing in the lighter joys of the Continent; but he beheld, not ſhared, their pleaſures. His mind had been too deeply wounded to admit of relief from frivolité, and every domeſtic ſcene but awakened the agonizing remembrance of paſt delights!—Peace was annihilated—hope was fled—and all the luxury of unreſtrained confidence betrayed;—for thoſe ſcenes of former happineſs, which his lively imagination ſtill preſented to his memory, were not only clouded for a time, but veiled from every future hope for ever.!

" Finding his health declining, he returned to England, when he became once more reconciled to his family, whoſe ſecret remorſe for their unnatural conduct towards him, was augmented by the miſeries with which they beheld him ſtruggling. But it was of ſhort duration:—his mind, chained and impriſoned to its own wretchedneſs, languiſhed

to

to be free—every nerve, every fibre was diſtended with agony—nature was unequal to the conflict—and his freed ſoul, redeemed from life's impriſonment, yielded itſelf to IMMORTALITY—TO GOD!

"In his laſt moments, with an awful ſolemnity that might have taught even ſtoiciſm to feel, he gave his ſon to the immediate care of Sir Edward, and acknowledged, with a confidence unbounded, the ſatisfaction he felt in depoſiting this ſacred truſt to his care; with it, as a farther (though not a greater) proof of his unabated regard, he bequeathed to him a handſome legacy; making him, at the ſame time, joint-executor with Lord Algernon.

"For this diſtinguiſhing mark of his regard he apologized to his brother, by acknowledging the many obligations he was under to Sir Edward—their long and ſteady friendſhip for each other—the diſintereſted zeal which he had always

manifeſted to ſerve him—and, moſt of all, the ſympathy and warm intereſt he had felt in all the unhappy circumſtances that had ſo dreadfully overwhelmed him—ſharing with him equally in his hours of peace, and days of miſery.

" On the death of Mr. Montague, his ſon was immediately placed at one of the public ſeminaries of education, Sir Edward, at that time, living no one knew where; and it was not till the former was of an age to be removed to the univerſity, that Sir Edward introduced him to his family.

" Lord Algernon, at this time, took very little notice of his nephew;—he was too deeply immerſed in pleaſure to remember his brother's requeſt, and contented himſelf with ſeeing the young Montague twice a year, and ſuperficially inveſtigating his improvements.

" There had always ſubſiſted a very great coldneſs between his Lordſhip and Sir Edward, though the latter had never taken

taken any material ſteps, in regard to his charge, without his Lordſhip's advice and concurrence; but, as Mr. Montague grew up, Lord Algernon began to view him with the eyes of affection; he beheld him as the future inheritor of his fortune, and ſupport of his name; he marked with pleaſure the many ſhining qualities that diſtinguiſhed him, and liſtened to the panegyrics beſtowed on him, at the college where he ſtudied, with a mixture of pride and joy.

" His Lordſhip had the ſeeds of many great virtues planted deeply in him, but he had neglected to cheriſh them, and they no ſooner bloſſomed, than they faded away:—he had permitted the weeds of folly to entwine themſelves round his heart, till it was difficult to diſtinguiſh vice from error;—he ſaw his faults—he condemned them—but his mind was too inactive to reſiſt thoſe temptations which his wiſhes approved:—he had given his paſſions full ſway, without the reſtraint of his reaſon. This imbecility of mind produced its conſequent evil; his mental faculties became liſtleſs and enervat-

ed—himſelf debilitated, and old in infirmities, before he had reached his noon of life:—he had no reſources in himſelf to fill up the vacuum which ſucceſſive pleaſures had left in his mind—no approving reflections to ſooth him into peace with himſelf.—When he turned his eyes on the paſt, regret ſtood in every view—when he looked forward, truth preſented others in the bright colours in which he ſhould have ſhone, for he only wanted reſolution to have been an ornament to mankind. Succeſſive paroxyſms of rheum and gout had ſoured his temper, and he was not now more unhappy in himſelf than troubleſome to thoſe around him. He had been diſſuaded from marrying in his youth by the arts of his tutor, Mr. Greville, who fell a ſacrifice to his own villanies; for, after urging him on to, and ſharing with him, almoſt every exceſs, he himſelf became a victim, and died of an apoplexy.

"Lord Algernon became every day more and more attached to his nephew; and when the period was fixed for his quitting England, to commence the grand

tour, he inſiſted on accompanying him.—This, though objectionable for many reaſons, could not with propriety be refuſed. He remained with him abroad almoſt three years, and was but now juſt returned with his uncle from the Continent. Upon his arrival in London he found Sir Edward's family had juſt left it for Eaſt-Cliff, and his uncle's indiſpoſition preventing him from following them immediately, he was under the neceſſity of poſtponing his viſit till the preſent period, when he eagerly embraced it, as the firſt opportunity that offered to pay his reſpects to Sir Edward, to whom he had been much attached from his infancy—as his father's friend, and one who was acquainted with all the unhappy affairs of his family."

Theſe were the heads of Ethelind's narrative, which, with many minute circumſtances in her uſual volatile ſtile, ſhe repeated; but as the ſubject required a ſerious relation, it might not have been ſo acceptable to the reader.—The motive for this digreſſion is offered as an apology.

CHAP. IX.

ANGELINA's ſpirits were before by no mean's good;—Mr. Montague's ſtory ſo much intereſted her feelings, that, in the weakneſs and goodneſs of her heart, ſhe wept, till ſhe forgot that her compaſſion was excited by the paſt miſeries of a ſtranger; and, when ſhe quitted Ethelind, her mind was ſo engroſſed with reflections upon this unfortunate man, that ſhe received a ſummons to dinner before ſhe remembered that ſhe had not changed her dreſs—ſhe was vexed to appear before a ſtranger with a countenance ſo diſordered (for her eyes were red with weeping), and heartily regretted her having quitted the rectory, ſince her uncle's abſence was likely to ſubject her to many diſagreeables; for, by the reſt of the family, ſhe was treated as a mere cypher.—The ſprightlineſs and natural gaiety of her

her heart was fled, and, after careleſsly making ſome alteration in her dreſs, full of fears and fancies, ſhe deſcended to the dining-room;—but the moment ſhe entered, and beheld the ſtranger, the ſudden expreſſion of her countenance marked her ſurpriſe;—her cheeks were ſuffuſed with the bluſh of modeſty, whilſt a ſmile, which animated every feature, forcibly ſpoke the pleaſurable ſenſation that occaſioned it as the ſtranger, with a look of aſtoniſhment and delight, advanced towards her; for in Mr. Montague ſhe recognized the gentleman who had ſheltered her in the ſtorm on her way to the rectory.

"This is a pleaſure, indeed," he cried, taking her hand (and he looked as if he felt what he ſaid)—"that I never dared expect; for I have reproached myſelf a thouſand times ſince, for my neglect in not ſeeing you home after the ſtorm; and, I believe, if this opportunity had not offered, I ſhould never have forgiven myſelf; but little did I imagine, when I laſt

ſaw you, Miſs Aubrey, that you was ſo nearly connected to this family."

"Do you mean that," cried Ethelind, "as a reflection or a compliment to my couſin, Mr. Montague?"

"Neither," he returned; "for a young lady of ſo amiable an appearance can never derive luſtre from any family, whatever ſhe may add to it."

"When you have done making fine ſpeeches," ſaid Ethelind, "I ſhould be glad to know where you met before."—The circumſtance was then related, and Montague expreſſed his ſurpriſe at not having ſeen her at Sir Edward's;—but this was eaſily accounted for, as, from his firſt arrival at Eaſt-Cliff, Angelina had been confined with indiſpoſition at the rectory.

When her Ladyſhip was acquainted with Mr. Montague's having ſeen Angelina before, ſhe was by no means ſo well pleaſed as Ethelind; and Miſs Dorothy, in

in a very meaning tone, thought it a *little extraordinary*—" not but what *it might be ſo*;—Heaven knew, ſhe did not mean to doubt it."

As ſoon as dinner was over, Mr. Eldwin propoſed going up the river; and, to enlarge their party, Lucy Summers was aſked to accompany them.—Lady Eldwin declined going, declaring the heat of the weather would kill her:—Miſs Dorothy did the ſame, but not without hinting, *ſome folks* might ſtay at home in her place; for that Lady Eldwin ought not to be left, and that was her motive for refuſing.

Angelina knew who was meant, and begged Miſs Dorothy to take her place—when Mr. Eldwin immediately interfered, and deſired his aunt to remember, that ſhe had been once young herſelf.

She thanked him in her heart for this interference, but thought he might have done it more politely; for Miſs Dorothy did not look very well pleaſed.

"*She did not want* to go, *indeed!*—and never intruded herſelf where ſhe was not welcome."

"That's a fib!" cried Ethelind; "for I am ſure you have intruded yourſelf here, till we are all tired of you."—This was ſaid in a half-whiſper, and, fearing a reproof, ſhe haſtily ran down the ſteps to the barge:—but Miſs Dorothy was on this occaſion very happily deaf, though it muſt be acknowledged a hectic of a moment paſſed over her cheek; but as the houſe ſhe was in was open to her, and which, for many reaſons, ſhe preferred to her own, ſhe rather choſe to put up with theſe *little* indignities, than, by ſeeming to notice them, loſe the advantage of ſtaying with credit to herſelf.

When they were ſeated, Mr. Eldwin took occaſion to reprove his ſiſter for her diſreſpectful behaviour to her aunt.

"Dear brother," ſaid ſhe, "you are ſo formal—what harm did I ſay? I only ſpoke truth, and that is one of the firſt princi-

principles of religion.—I am ſure, when old women aſſume ſuch ridiculous airs, they deſerve to meet every one's cenſure; and when people voluntarily ſubject themſelves to inſult, it is my opinion they deſerve it."

"But ſuppoſe," ſaid Angelina, "that was every *one*'s opinion,—don't you think *we* ſhould ſome times ſuffer by it?"

"Oh, you old-faſhioned creature!" ſaid Ethelind, "you ought to have ſupported me—You muſt get rid of thoſe confined notions before you go to London."

"That is degrading the place, indeed!" cried Montague—"and if, in truth, ſo great a ſacrifice was demanded, it is my opinion, Miſs Aubrey would never pay it; for a mind that is early initiated in the ſchool of Virtue, is not eaſily taught the leſſon of Folly."

"Pray, brother," aſked Ethelind, "is it the faſhion abroad for gentlemen to preach?"

"What a queſtion!" ſaid Mr. Eldwin.

"Not at all," ſhe anſwered; "for I was juſt thinking what a loſs the ladies muſt have ſuſtained when Mr. Montague came away."

He laughed good humouredly—— "When a lady condeſcends to reprove a gentleman," ſaid he, bowing to her, "it is a ſufficient conviction that he deſerves it."

If Angelina was pleaſed with him on his firſt appearance, now ſhe was charmed—his manners were infinitely ſuperior to any ſhe had ever been uſed to—his converſation was ſenſible and ſpirited,—there was a frankneſs in his addreſs that was peculiarly engaging;—and his air was unaffected and noble—his features, though not regularly handſome, were open and animated—there was a ſweetneſs in the expreſſion of his whole countenance, that ſpoke every feeling of his heart; for in it might have been read all that paſſed there.—The beauty and variety

of

of the ſcenery formed a topic of converſation at once pleaſing and intereſting—it led Mr. Montague to ſpeak of the various countries he had paſſed through, and he entertained the ladies with a ſprightly account of the different cuſtoms and manners of the inhabitants.

To diverſify the ſcene, they were tempted to go on ſhore at a ſmall village on the banks of the Wye; the views from which are, perhaps, the moſt beautiful and pictureſque of any in the kingdom. Here they ſtopped at a cottage to take ſome refreſhment, where the delicacy and neatneſs with which every thing was arranged, and the ſmiling chearfulneſs and good humour that was depictured in the countenance of its inmates, ſpoke a language to the heart more forcibly than a fortnight's eloquence, on Content, by the firſt rhetoricians in the kingdom.

They amuſed themſelves for ſome time in admiring the ruins of an old abbey.

" Half

" Half buried there lie many a broken buſt,
And obeliſk, and urn, o'erthrown by time,
And many a cherub here deſcends in duſt,
From the rent roof and portico ſublime;
Where reverend ſhrines in gothic grandeur ſtood,
The nettle, or the noxious nightſhade ſpreads,
And aſhlings, wafted from the neighb'ring wood,
Through the worn turrets wave their trembling heads."

" I cannot but admire," ſaid Montauge, as they were paſſing ſome cottages, " the chearfulneſs and contentment pourtrayed in the countenance of almoſt every individual;—if *Happineſs* keeps her court any where, ſurely it is here."

" Do you think, Sir," ſaid Angelina, " that Nature provides for her children ſo partially, that it is only *here ſhe* is found?"

" If I may judge from appearances," he returned, " they, at leaſt, have much of her company."

" What!" ſaid ſhe, with ſurpriſe, " is the poor cottager, who toils for his daily bread, happier

happier than he who only breathes in luxury and eaſe?"

"This is a queſtion," he anſwered, "which has long been held problematical;—but I am a ſtranger to ſuch ſcenes, and perhaps it is the novelty of them that impreſſes me."

"Is that a reaſon," ſaid Mr. Eldwin, interrupting him, "that you ſhould always remain ſo? Why are you a ſtranger to them? Reflect but one moment, and the problem is inſtantly ſolved; for you will find them, of all others, the moſt enviable people upon earth.

"The rich loſe, in refinement, thoſe enjoyments which the poor man taſtes ſo largely:—he works hard, indeed; but then a ceſſation from labour returns to him tenfold pleaſure;—augmented by that ſweetener of toil and care, attached to thoſe only who eat the bread of induſtry, his boſom is tranquil, his ſlumbers are unbroken by the diſquietudes of the world, and he riſes only to happineſs;—his confidence

fidence in his fellow-creatures is unſhaken; for he reads the hearts of all men in the ſimplicity of his own.—They preſent, to my mind, man in his primeval ſtate—'When tyrant Cuſtom had not ſhackled him, but free to follow Nature was the mode."

"Oh, for a crook and a chaplet of flowers to encircle my brother's ideas!—why, he has abſolutely got into Arcadia."

"A Cyprian wreath would be more emblematic," ſaid Mr. Montague; "for it is plain he is out of love with Mirth, ſince he courts Pleaſure in the forms of Poverty and Hardſhip."

"And the only ſhape in which we ſhall find her," ſaid Mr. Eldwin, ſternly:—"it is not in the well-ſculptured roofs, the painted floors, the glittering drawing-rooms, that we muſt ſeek her—but in the lowly ſhed, where Fortune (like a Will-o'-th'-Wiſp) has never led them aſtray, nor Ambition lulled each honeſt principle

to

to ſleep, till ſhe has taught them to forget that they were men."

"You have ſhaded your picture too deeply," ſaid Montague; "and, like too many artiſts, given free ſcope to your fancy without conſulting your judgment, by which it has loſt its effect.—I agree with you, that voluptuouſneſs is not the criterion by which I ſhould eſtimate happineſs;—but there are a *great* many degrees between the drawing-room and the hovel.—Men are all ſlaves to their paſſions, from the peaſant to the prince."

"But, good Heavens!" ſaid Mr. Eldwin, haſtily, (interrupting him)—"will you not allow that theſe children of obſcurity are leſs expoſed to temptation, leſs liable to error, and leſs ſubject to miſery, than thoſe of a higher order?"

"Moſt aſſuredly: but that does not make them more enviable," ſaid Montague—"look, for one moment, with an unprejudiced eye among the great,—and you will find (for the honour of human nature be

be it ſpoken) men, who, whilſt they are encircled by all the dangers you have repreſented, poſſeſſed of affluence, and veſted with power, ſtill retaining that native ſimplicity of heart, ſo characteriſtic of goodneſs;—and, in the dazzling ſphere of greatneſs, as well guarded by the virtues, and as ſecure in principle, as he who abjures the world, and lives ſecluded and ſecure from all intercourſe with it.—And far more grateful would it be to my feelings, to live as the former, and cultivate the virtues, than, by a liſtleſs inanity, ſeclude myſelf where there is no merit in reſiſting;—for are not theſe different degrees in life ſo many links in the great chain of exiſtence? And when an individual, either by blind philoſophy, or ſophiſtical prejudices, is known to break through its order, he deranges the whole ſyſtem, and queſtions the Wiſdom that governs it.—We may trace throughout all Nature's works an inequality in the government of her moral world—the flowers have their different degrees of beauty—the various fruits their diverſity of flavour—and in the animal, vegetable, and foſſil kingdoms,

kingdoms, the ſame diſtinctions are every where obvious;—yet it would be an inſult to the *great Author* of *all* to ſuppoſe them of an unequal eſtimation in his eye, or that he ſhould have marked one part of the creation for happineſs, and the other condemned to wretchedneſs.

" Every ſtation of life has its means of happineſs, and half our miſeries reſult from a wrong application of them.—The poor man eſtimates it in one thing—the rich in another; but, like the virtues, it will not ſpring up without cheriſhing.—We may all ſit down, and ingeniouſly convert every inſtrument of pleaſure into pain; but this is a ſpecies of folly that carries with it its own puniſhment; for when we look through the medium of diſcontent, we ſhadow no picture ſo deeply as our own—All Nature's difference keeps all Nature peace."

" The learn'd is happy Nature to explore;
The fool is happy that he knows no more;
The rich is happy in the plenty giv'n;
The poor contents him with the care of Heav'n:—

See

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See

See the blind beggar dance—the cripple ſing,
The ſot a hero—lunatic a king;
See ſome fit paſſion every age ſupply."

"Heavens!" cried Ethelind—"what a horrid long ſpeech, and, after all, an abominably ſevere one;—juſt as if people could faſhion their minds as eaſy they faſhion their cloaths. I am ſure I am never out of humour, but when I cannot poſſibly help it."

"Surely Miſs Eldwin has not a heart to be out of humour," returned Montague, laughing, "when ſo many are dependant on her ſmiles."

"Now, I ſuppoſe, you think, that your ſilly compliment pleaſes me; but, I aſſure you, you are very much miſtaken. I always obſerve, if a woman aſks a man a reaſonable queſtion, he replies to her juſt as if he was anſwering a baby, by reverting from the ſubject, and applying ſome frivolous noneſenſe to pleaſe her vanity."

"Is

"Is it extraordinary," ſaid Mr. Eldwin, "that he ſhould forget it was *a reaſonable queſtion*, when he is talking with a woman?"

"Pray, Mr. Montague," ſaid Ethelind, "how do you eſtimate wiſdom?—by the tenor of the conduct, or the refinement of ſpeech?"

"Judging of them individually, the tenor of the conduct, certainly," he replied.

"Oh, how unfortunate:—then, at that rate, my poor brother will never diſtinguiſh himſelf in either!"

"You think, Miſs Eldwin," cried her brother, gravely, "that this unmeaning nonſenſe paſſes for wit—but you are groſſly miſtaken."

"Oh, don't liſten to what Horace ſays," ſaid Montague—"he is a Turk, and an Infidel—he won't allow the women have ſouls."

"And,

"And, pray, what are you?" ſhe aſked.

"A Chriſtian," he returned—"and of a happier faith."

"You were juſt now ſpeaking of people who are diſcontented—are you never ſo, Mr. Montague?"

"Yes—too frequently."

"Then why do you condemn that, in others, which you find ſo difficult to reſiſt yourſelf?"

"From a ſelf-evident principle that it may be reſiſted—that there is an antidote in every one's poſſeſſion to counteract its evils."

"You will do me the greateſt favour in the world," cried Ethelind—"to make me miſtreſs of this charming knowledge—for ſometimes I am horribly diſcompoſed;—for inſtance—whenever my milliner diſappoints me, I am ready to die with vexation."

"Then

"Then the remedy is eaſily applied," ſaid Montague—"for, on ſuch occaſions, when you feel a ſpirit of diſcontent riſing in your mind, you muſt enter on a mental examination—you muſt call Patience, Truth, and all the attributes of Virtue, to ſit in judgment upon her evil co-temporaries—and when you have given them a fair trial, you will find the latter caſt, and good-humour riſing triumphant."

"Oh! horrible! horrible!" cried Ethelind—"keep your cure—it is a thouſand times worſe than the diſeaſe;—I ſhould die of the ſpleen to put it in practice—Who ever heard of ſuch antideluvian ſpecifics?—A girl of ſpirit and faſhion, to exerciſe reaſon, and act with diſcretion!—Oh! lud!—Oh! lud!—In this age of faſhionable refinement, I ſhould be handed about for a frightful piece of modern antiquity!"

"Then you would rather," ſaid Mr. Eldwin—"be galled for ever by the chains of Folly, than exerciſe a little judgment to break them."

"Oh!

"Oh! I hate judgment, heartily, brother;—I'd rather be free without it!"

"What!—and loſe the merit and virtue of reſiſting?"

"Oh! as to that," ſhe returned, ſaucily—"one might as well be out of the world, as out of the faſhion—ſo none of your pious lectures, pray.—Beſides, if I was inclined to liſten to a ſolemn diſcourſe upon the ſocial virtues, I ſhould deſire one who practiſed them to preach—and not you."

"I hope I *do practiſe* them, Miſs Eldwin," ſaid her brother, ſternly.

"Oh! you need not have given me this intelligence—I always knew you was ſuperlatively good—in your own opinion!—You put me in mind of my Pariſian acquaintance, who uſed to condemn himſelf to the ſevereſt puniſhment—faſt three times a week—ſhut himſelf up from all intercourſe with his family—

and

and deny them the moſt innocent gratifications."

"That was terrible, indeed," cried Montague, laughing—"I don't wonder at his incurring *your* diſpleaſure."

"Well—but I aſſure you it was quite true," returned ſhe earneſtly—"and you ſhall hear what came of it.—Why, he grew ſo horrid moroſe, that every one trembled at his approach;—for he judged with the moſt rigid ſeverity—and condemned by the moſt trivial appearances—yet this man called himſelf a chriſtian—and very liberally believed that no one would be ſaved but himſelf."

"Why, Ethelind," ſaid Mr. Eldwin—"I thought you had too much levity to make theſe reflections."

"Then you find, brother," ſhe returned—"how neceſſary it is to be well grounded in your ſuppoſitions before you ſit in judgment upon people's characters;—I know I am very giddy—and

 ſometimes

ſometimes very ridiculous—but I am not a heathen for all that—and if it was not for fear of appearing too ſtrange and romantic in the great world, I believe I ſhould ſometimes be a very reaſonable creature.—But now, my dear brother, for inſtance:—If every one, like yourſelf, was to judge thus raſhly, what do you think *you* would be taken for?—why, for a miſanthropiſt—a rigid ſceptic—a ſplenetic—and—(I was going to to ſay)—conceited young man, without one humane affection in his compoſition—who loved contradiction better than his own ſoul, and held all God's creatures, except himſelf, in contempt.—But, though theſe features of his character, are ſo conſpicuous, I am ready to believe it is only a maſk which he wears; for ſometimes there peeps out ſome tolerable looking virtues.—Ought I not to be immortalized for my charity and diſcernment?"—Here Ethelind was interrupted, for they had reached the barge. The evening was ſerene and mild, and the moon in her full majeſty roſe in uncommon ſplendour—the winding of the river every moment

ment preſented new views—and the diverſity of the ſcenes rendered it almoſt enchanting.

Angelina had learned to play on the harp—and Mr. Eldwin, who was himſelf a proficient in the ſcience, had had it, with ſome other pieces of muſic, conveyed on board.—He had taken upon him to give her ſome inſtructions, as, when ſhe came to Eaſt-Cliff, ſhe was by no means miſtreſs of it. She could now perform very ſweetly, and Mr. Eldwin begged her to play.—With a good-nature, that ever characteriſed her, ſhe readily complied. Mr. Montague ſeemed much aſtoniſhed and delighted with her powers of ſong, for her voice was inexpreſſibly ſweet.

Now o'er the dimpled lake, the gentle gale
Wafts the light ſkiff, and fills the ſpreading ſail.
As round the wild meand'ring coaſt they move,
By guſhing rills, rude cliffs, and nodding groves,
Soft, now, the pendant moon, with luſtre pale,
O'er Heaven's blue arch unfurls her milky veil;
While from the north long threads of ſilver light
Dart, in ſwift ſhuttles, o'er the tiſſued night,

O'er wood and lawn, o'er hill, and flow'ry dale,
Hung her pelucid car, in luſtre pale;
With meek effulgence, trembling as ſhe drew
The deep'ning ſhadows from earth's length'ning view,
Her ſilver beams with mild reflected ray,
Return'd each image of departing day.

The evening could not have been more favourable for this little excurſion, and it was with reluctance that they quitted the barge when they arrived at Eaſt-Cliff—but the night was too far advanced to render their longer ſtay on the water prudent.

When Angelina retired to her chamber, ſhe did not feel ſo much inclined to ſleep as uſual; and, opening her window, ſhe ſat down to enjoy the cool breezes of evening, and the beautiful ſcene that ſurrounded her. The moon was reflected in the river that roll'd at the foot of the Caſtle, and ſhed a mild luſtre o'er the ſurrounding objects—the range of hills, that bounded the ſcene ſhe had often beheld at Vernly—the ſight of them, at this moment, recalled the image of her departed friend, and ſhe wept involuntarily. There is a pleaſing melancholy

choly attached to a retroſpective view of happineſs—for whilſt recollection illumines the ſcene, we recognize it with delight—till, with regret, it is too quickly ſhaded, and we turn from it to weep that it is gone for ever!

Every circumſtance that had paſſed ſince her quitting the beloved ſpot naturally recured to her memory—and not one was more impreſſive at the moment, than the occurrence of the day, in meeting, ſo unexpectedly, the ſtranger.—She had ſat above half an hour ruminating on the different ſcenes ſhe had witneſſed ſince her arrival at Eaſt-Cliff, when a ruſtling among the trees, almoſt under her window, diſſipated every idea, but that which augmented her fears;—ſhe knew the family were gone to bed—but ſomething like curioſity impelled her, and ſhe ſtood ſome minutes liſtening—but all was again huſhed, and ſcarce a breeze interrupted the ſilence that reigned, when, by the faint beams of the moon which fell upon the ſhrubbery, ſhe diſcovered the figure of a man, walking

haſtily through it;—ſhe watched him with a fearful inquiſitiveneſs, as he croſſed to that part of the building in which ſhe ſtood.

The manſion had two high turrets, that were diſtinguiſhed by the different points in which they were placed:—that to the ſouth, Mr. Eldwin uſed as an obſervatory; but the other remained entirely ſhut up, as the ſervants, from an old tradition in the family, would not enter the chambers that led to it, through the ſtrange prejudice, that the north part of the Caſtle was haunted. Angelina's apartment was numbered among this neglected ſuit of rooms, though it had now no immediate communication with the reſt; as, ſince the night ſhe attempted to diſcover where the picture was placed, they had been faſtened on the inſide, and refuſed her all admittance.—There was a ſmall door directly under theſe chambers, that led from the park, but it was ſo thickly covered with moſs and ivy, as to appear almoſt impaſſable—it opened on a narrow winding ſtair-caſe, that

that went directly up to the north turret, from which there was a communication with theſe apartments. To this door ſhe ſaw him directing his ſteps, which he no ſooner reached, than, applying a key to it, it immediately gave way, and he ſilently entered; ſoon after which, ſhe obſerved a faint light glimmering through the apertures of the wall, and ſlowly aſcend, till it reached the turret; then, through the dim caſements, ſhe obſerved it fixed a conſiderable time, and ſuddenly after it became wholly extinguiſhed. Her curioſity was too much awakened to permit her to retire to reſt—and ſhe continued to watch at her window with fear and trembling, yet without reſolution to awaken the reſt of the family. She dreaded, yet wiſhed to be acquainted with his motive for entering thoſe obſcure rooms at that late hour of the night, with an air of ſo much concealment. A thouſand fears ruſhed upon her mind—the myſtery of the ſigh ſhe had heard there, and the removal of the picture, had never been elucidated.—Patty had often hinted that ſhe could tell ſome

ſtrange ſtories; but Angelina, not chuſing to encourage her loquacity, had rather checked, than given her an opportunity to relate them.—This, with many other hints that had been thrown out, was corroborated by her own obſervations, and ſhe now began to ſuſpect that ſome one was ſecreted in the Caſtle.

She watched the ſame perſon as he cautiouſly re-entered the Park;—and haſtily paſſing under her window, darted acroſs the inward court, and was immediately out of ſight.

But what moſt confirmed her ſuſpicion was, that, on looking towards the turret, ſhe beheld the light again aſcending there—and, as before, when it had reached the top, it again became ſuddenly extinguiſhed.

The perſon was not tall enough for Mr. Eldwin, but reſembled moſt in figure the man who waited on Sir Edward.—She was perplexed how to act—whether to relate theſe particulars to the family

or

or not. Sometimes ſhe thought of communicating it to Mr. Eldwin—but then ſhe remembered, that his obſtinate incredulity would not give her credit for ſo ſtrange a ſtory—and ſhe dreaded the ſatire of Miſs Dorothy too much to make it known to the ladies. Another, and a more weighty reaſon urged her to ſilence—the air of ſecrecy with which the perſon acted, proved that there was ſome cauſe for it, nor could it well be without the concurrence of Sir Edward, as no one could be lodged there in ſafety without his knowledge—and had the ſtranger's deſigns been to plunder, he would have entered the inhabited part of the manſion;—at any rate, ſhe determined to wait the return of her uncle before ſhe mentioned it.—With this reſolution ſhe retired to bed, and was ſoon inſenſible to the myſtery which perplexed her.

CHAP. X.

ANGELINA roſe early in the morning; and, as was her uſual cuſtom, ſtrolled through the grounds till the family aſſembled to breakfaſt—her mind wholly engroſſed by the ſtrange occurence of the laſt evening—when, as ſhe deſcended from the terrace, ſhe met Mr. Montague.

"Is Miſs Aubrey really ſo very unfaſhionable, to riſe at this early hour?" ſaid he, with a ſmile, that indicated an unexpected pleaſure in meeting her.

She looked embaraſſed—not having the moſt diſtant thought of ſeeing him; and, with ſome heſitation, anſwered—"She had been ſo accuſtomed to theſe early ſaunters, that ſhe never remembered to enquire, whether they were under the dominion of Faſhion, or not—but, ſhe hoped,

hoped, as being a novice in her ſchool, ſhe ſhould be excuſed for deviating from the rules ſhe preſcribed."

"Rather hope, Miſs Aubrey," ſaid Montague—"that the ſweet example you give of an unvitiated taſte, may prove to her votaries, that, in following the dictates of nature, you follow the moſt beautiful faſhioniſt in the world."

"I wonder where Miſs Eldwin is?" ſaid Angelina, moving towards the gate.

"If you are going," ſaid he, "I ſhall think I am an intruder—don't let me ſhorten your walk, for I will bid you good morning."

"No! indeed!" ſaid Angelina, earneſtly.

"Then favour me with your company," he returned, "a little longer."

She had no objection to comply, and they continued ſtrolling through the grounds for ſome time.—Here he related to her his

ſurpriſe at meeting her at Sir Edward's. ——"For, from the deſcription I had of Miſs Aubrey," ſaid he, "I ſhould never have ſuſpected her to be the Lady I met under the tree.—I aſſure you," he continued, "I did not fail to pay my reſpects to the poor old oak—hoping, that the ſame good genius which firſt led me there, might have again directed your ſteps to the ſame ſpot."

Here they were interrupted by a ſervant, who came to ſay breakfaſt was waiting.

When they came in ſight of the parlour-window, Miſs Dorothy threw up the ſaſh, and in an angry tone, and with a look of much impatience, bade Angelina make a little more haſte—for ſhe had been waiting above half an hour for her breakfaſt.

"It is mighty unmannerly," ſhe exclaimed, "to keep people waiting ſo—" addreſſing Angelina, as ſhe entered the room.

Montague

Montague was going to apologize, when ſhe ſtopped him, by ſaying, "that it was not him whom ſhe meant—How could you tell, Sir," ſhe continued, ſoftening her voice, "our uſual hour?—it was not your fault—but there are other people who know—though, to be ſure, when young ladies make appointments, it is impoſſible to ſay—what delays they may meet with."

"Bleſs me, Miſs," turning to Angelina, "what a colour you have got!—but, as the ſaying is, a guilty conſcience needs no accuſer."

"Will you eat ſome biſcuits?" ſaid Montague, handing the plate to Angelina?——She thanked him, and took one—but her confuſion was too evident.

"Ay, to be ſure," ſaid Miſs Dorothy, "who ever knew a girl refuſe a good offer?—I will anſwer for it, Miſs Aubrey will never want much courting."

The

The morning was ſpent in viſiting the celebrated walks of Piercefield, about twelve miles from Eaſt-Cliff.—Piercefield is ſituated upon the banks of the river Wye—the grounds are divided into the upper and lower lawn—the houſe was a ſmall, irregular building, but lately modernized:—it ſtands facing the lower lawn, a beautiful ground falling precipitately every way into a valley, which is ſcattered with groups and ſingle trees in excellent ſtile. The view from the houſe is ſoft, rich, and beautifully picturesque—the lawns and woods of Piercefield and the oppoſite banks of the river—the Wye near its mouth, winding through meadows, green as emerald, in a manner peculiarly graceful.—The whole view conſiſts of an elegant arrangement of wood, lawn, and water—the face of nature, probably, affords not a more magnificent ſcene.

Thus was this place, a happy, rural ſeat
Of various views—here roſe the ſtately trees,
And ſpread their ſhady branches; with
High woods the hills were crowned—

With

With tufts the valleys—and each fountain ſide
With borders 'long the rivers, that earth now
Seemed like to Heaven—a ſeat where Gods might dwell!'

Mr. Eldwin accompanied them, and was ſo officiouſly polite to Angelina, that it was almoſt impoſſible for any one elſe to ſpeak to her:—he never left her ſide one moment—this was a terrible mortification, as ſhe hoped to have ſpent a pleaſant morning—now ſhe could not even hear the obſervations of Mr. Montague and Ethelind;—ſhe never thought Mr. Eldwin ſo troubleſome before—and was determined to ride home in the carriage. When ſhe intimated her wiſh to do ſo, Mr. Eldwin very politely ſaid, "that women were ſo very whimſical, it was impoſſible to pleaſe them—ſo ridiculous, to think of returning in the charriot!"—but Angelina perſiſted—and ſoon after they were ſeated there Mr. Eldwin found out that it was the pleaſanteſt mode of conveyance, and begged the Ladies to make room for him.—She could not refrain ſmiling at his verſatile humour, though ſhe was ſecretly vexed at it;—

it;—but Miſs Dorothy veryloudly exclaimed againſt it—ſhe vowed ſhe would not have her new gown crumpt up to pieces for nobody.—"Why, I vow, I never heard any thing ſo monſtrous," ſhe continued—"four in this little chariot!—why, I would ſooner walk on foot—no gentleman would have offered ſuch a thing—I'm ſure you cannot be ſo very learned as you pretend—for any man, who had read Cheſterfield, would know better than to behave thus contemptuouſly to ladies.

Cheſterfield, indeed!" reiterated Mr. Eldwin, with a ſneer.

"I'll tell you what," ſaid ſhe, with a face glowing with paſſion, as Mr. Eldwin held the coach door in his hand, (while the ſervants were tittering behind them)—"I'll tell you what, nephew—you may jabber Latin and Greek till you are tired; but you ſhall not perſuade me you are a gentleman, for all that.—I can ſee as far into a millſtone as moſt folks; and though I am a woman, I am

no

no fool, I aſſure you; and if you don't know how to behave, Sir, I'll teach you —ſo ſhut the door, Philip," (calling to the footman).

"At his peril, Madam," ſaid Mr. Eldwin, in an impaſſioned tone—for this gentleman was ſo unaccuſtomed to be dictated to, that, with all his boaſted ſtoiciſm, he was not invulnerable to the attack.——"I inſiſt on it, Madam."—— "And you ſha'nt—that you ſha'nt, Sir," was vociferated from each ſide, whilſt the reſt of the party remained ſilent ſpectators. This altercation might have laſted for hours, if Mr. Montague had not interfered, and begged Miſs Aubrey to take the horſe ſhe had quitted, as Mr. Eldwin could not then incommode Miſs Dorothy, by taking the place of Angelina.—This propoſal was gladly acceded to on the part of the latter, though ſtrenuouſly oppoſed by Mr. Eldwin; but Angelina ſucceeded—and, leaving them to ſettle this altercation, joined Ethelind and Montague;—and the remainder of the ride home fully recompenſed her for

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all the diſagreeables ſhe had encountered. When they returned home, Miſs Dorothy was ſtill on her high ropes—and Mr. Eldwin in no very pleaſant humour. He felt himſelf ſomewhat degraded by the late altercation with his aunt;—and, indeed, he did not fail to inſpire ſomewhat like contempt in the minds of thoſe preſent.

After dinner, the young men left them, to viſit a College acquaintance, a few miles diſtant;—and, in the evening, Angelina ſtrolled down towards the vale, leaving the reſt of the Ladies at the card-table.—Juſt as ſhe deſcended the hill, ſhe overtook the old ſteward, walking ſlowly down.

"Ah, my young Lady, is it you!" he exclaimed—"I am glad to ſee you;—but why do you walk out ſo late?"

"It cannot be too late, ſince you are here, Mr. Arden"

"Well,

"Well, well, my Lady—I am only going a little way down the vale; and if you will condeſcend to accept an old man's company, you can walk with me."

"They had juſt deſcended from the ſummit of the hill—there was not a cloud over the heavens—and the parting ſun tinged the high mountains that bounded the ſcene.

"I could look at this proſpect for ever," ſaid Angelina, (reſting)—"don't you think it very beautiful, Mr. Arden?"

"Yes," returned he, "certainly," with a ſigh—"but I have ſeen it before."

"I am thinking," ſhe continued, "that if Happineſs was confined to places, ſhe would always dwell here."

"And do you believe ſhe does?" he aſked.

"Yes,

"Yes, indeed;—at leaſt, I think ſhe does," ſaid Angelina, earneſtly; "for if there is a human being I am tempted to envy, it is my uncle—he has the means to be ſo happy."

"Fy! fy! young Lady!" ſaid the old man, looking gravely in her face—"you don't know what you are talking of—every one has the means to be happy—and here it lies," added he, emphatically, laying his hand on his boſom—"nor would I, at this moment, change ſituations with the man you call your uncle—No——if it would make me maſter of fifty ſuch eſtates."

"You miſtake me," ſaid Angelina, ſurpriſed at his earneſtneſs—"it is not that I think riches conſtitutes happineſs;—but, ſurely, thoſe who have the power to relieve the unfortunate, can never be truly miſerable."

"Happy deluſion!" he cried, looking penſively in her face—"how little does youth know of human nature! Oh! why

why muſt experience deaden this ſweet ſenſibility!—why is not the mind rather permitted to remain in utter ignorance, ſince the wiſdom of the world can teach the *human heart* no better leſſon—than ſuſpicion and diſtruſt!"

Mr. Arden was a man who knew the world;—he had abilities that would have done honour to a much higher circle than that in which he moved—but ambition was a paſſion he never owned. In the late Earl of Treclanna's family he lived from his youth, and in it every wiſh was bounded;—he had been treated by that nobleman more as a friend, than a dependant—for in all the family concerns, his counſel and opinion was courted.

Mr. Arden loved the Earl as his benefactor—but as a man, he condemned all his faults. But ſuch was his independent ſpirit, that, rather than have pampered the great man with falſe praiſe, he would have renounced all the advantages

tages of his ſituation.—Thoſe who were not acquainted with his heart, would have called him a Miſanthropiſt;—he talked much of the world, and its vices; and much of the depravity of mankind: —he condemned humanity, as the ſource of almoſt all the ſufferings of man—yet, the unfortunate never paſſed by him unnoticed—the poor man unpittied—nor the ſuppliant unrelieved. But ſuch pains were taken to conceal this weakneſs (which he termed it) from the world, that his general character was that of a mercenary old man:—but the truth was, he was poor, very poor; for his annual ſtipend did not keep pace with his philanthrophy.—Long before the late Earl died, an event happened in the family which clouded, at once, all its bright proſpect of happineſs. Mr. Arden was conſidered partly as the cauſe of it, which ſo incenſed the Earl, that he made a ſolemn proteſtation never to ſee him more. This raſhneſs, however, he had cauſe to repent; and, to make all the amends in his power, ſettled on him two hundred a year, with an abſolute charge, that

that he ſhould always be allowed to remain in his family. This was his ſituation when Sir Edward arrived at Eaſt-Cliff to take poſſeſſion of the Caſtle.

Mr. Arden now begged Angelina ſo earneſtly to return, when they entered the vale, that, fearful of offending him, ſhe complied. He was going where he wiſhed for no witneſs—for he was going to the houſe of mourning, to relieve the unfortunate.

Angelina bade him good night, when they parted, and croſſed through the church-yard, as a nearer way back to the Caſtle.

Here her attention was arreſted by two little children, ſitting on the turf, beſide a new made grave. Forcibly ſtruck by their plaintive appearance, ſhe ſtood ſome minutes to watch them; and obſerved the younger boy take up his tattered frock to wipe the tears off the cheek of the other. Curious to know the cauſe of their infant grief, ſhe ſtole, unobſerved,

unobſerved, behind a tomb—from whence ſhe heard the following dialogue :

" Why don't you think," ſaid the elder, " he is gone to Heaven ?"

" Becauſe," the little one returned, " the grave is as ſmooth as when Verger, the ſexton, left it laſt night !"

" So it is—but Parſon Wilmot told mother not to cry ſo, for he was gone to a better place, and out of a very bad world—but I thought it was very wicked of him to ſay ſo—for, if this is a bad place, why did God Almighty ſend us into it ?—I wiſh he had not died—for now we ſhall have no one to love us, and bring home apples from farmer Freeland's orchard !—Poor father ! if he knows we have got nothing to eat or to drink, I am ſure he will want to come back again ; for there is nobody in Heaven will love him ſo well as mother and we do !"

"Don't cry, Jemmy," ſaid the other, "but look up at the Caſtle—ſee what a pretty place it is—how I ſhould like to live there—then we ſhould never be cold or hungry:—but mother ſays, that gentlefolks never cares for poor people—for they thinks they have got no feeling.—Open the bag, and give us a bit of bread," ſaid the little one, "for I'm very hungry—and mother won't ſee us."

Jemmy complied—and after taking out a hard bit of cruſt, which he gave to the other, and looking wiſhfully at the reſt, with the tears in his eyes, faſtened it up again.

"Ar'nt you hungry?" aſked the little one.

"Yes—very."

"Then why don't you take a piece?"

"Becauſe there is not much—and mother has not had a morſel to-day—and you know ſhe is ſick—and when I had

the ſmall-pox, ſhe went without it for me—and now I will go without it for mother:—but come, let us go, for I am not tired now—and we ſhall not ſee father go to Heaven to-night!

Angelina was too much intereſted for the little innocents, to let them paſs unnoticed. "They are fatherleſs—they are wretched!" cried ſhe, and taking them in her arms, ſhe burſt into tears;—then learning from them, that they lived at one of the cottages in the vale, and giving them all the ſilver ſhe had in her pocket, to carry home to their mother, ſhe left them, ſecretly determining to viſit the poor woman on the following day.—The prattle of the babies did not fail to excite thoſe ſymphathetic affections in the boſom of Angelina, that are ever ſwelling in the feeling heart; and ſhe could have exclaimed with the Poet——"Take "phyſic, Pomp—expoſe thyſelf to feel "what wretches feel, that thou mayeſt "ſhake the ſuperflux to them, and ſhew "the Heavens more juſt!"

Nurſed

Nurſed in the lap of eaſe, where want and luxury were equally ſtrangers, ſhe had read of the miſeries attendant on poverty, and wept over the tale:—but little did ſhe ſuſpect that ſuch ſcenes, in reality, exiſted—and that, when the ſmiling board of plenty was offered to one man, the hardeſt morſel which fell from *his* table was acceptable to another.

But ſuch is the kindneſs of Providence, that, what appears to our erring judgment a partial diſtribution, is equalized by his beſtowing on each individual that *ſomething*, in every ſtation of life, that reconciles man to his lot; or, in the more expreſſive words of him who ſpoke from and to the heart, by——" Tem-" pering the wind to the ſhorn lamb!"

When Angelina entered the drawing-room, the gentlemen were returned; and, though a beautiful evening, the party were ſtill at the card-table, at which, Mr. Montague made one:—he offered her his ſeat when ſhe entered, but Miſs Dorothy proteſted—" that ſhe would not

have her for a partner; for that ſhe knew no more about cards than a baby, and always brought her bad luck."—This was no mortification to Angelina, who was much better pleaſed to be excuſed.

Mr. Eldwin had a book at one of the windows, which, as ſoon as ſhe entered, he laid on the table, and drew a chair for her. Trifling as this may appear, it was vaſt condeſcenton for *him*—nor was this all—for he even deſcended to talk with her on the moſt trifling ſubjects. Mr. Eldwin was certainly much altered; —he ſaid leſs, indeed, than ever; but his manners wore the air of affected reſerve—for when he was off his guard, he appeared in a very different character. His books and ſtudies were now often neglected for thoſe amuſements which he ſo much diſdained on his firſt arrival at Eaſt-Cliff:—all the family, but one, was ſenſible of this alteration—and that one was himſelf.—It was deviating too much from his rule of conduct, to admit of any excuſe for this change; and he

was

was determined to convince the world of his ſtability in the ſupport of the character he aſſumed.

He inquired of Angelina, why ſhe walked out alone. "But, perhaps," ſaid he, with an inquiſitive look, "you have been at the Rectory?"

"No, indeed," ſhe returned with a ſmile—"how could you ſuppoſe I would go by myſelf, when there are ſo many gallant eſcorts about the Caſtle?"

The colour flew to his face, and he took up his book with an air of diſappointment.

"Upon my word," ſaid Miſs Dorothy, in a tone of anger, "this is a little too bad—and if we go on much longer in this ſort of way, I'll lay down my cards, for it is abſolutely quite impoſſible to win—for Mr. Montague does not mind a card he is playing of;—we have loſt two tricks in this deal, Sir, from your inattention—otherwiſe, we ſhould have

gained our point:—I'd rather never play at all, than go on in this way."

Montague apologized.

"Oh! Sir!" ſhe continued, "don't think I am anxious about winning—for, though I ſay it myſelf, no one plays with more temper than I do;—but, it's enough to provoke a ſaint, when all the luck is on the other ſide—and, when I am provoked, I cannot help ſpeaking my mind."

Montague again apologized, and promiſed to be more attentive.

Angelina aſked Mr. Eldwin when he expected his father—to which he returned, it was quite uncertain; but, he ſuppoſed, in leſs than a month.

"A month!" ſhe repeated, "ſo long as that?—it ſeems an age ſince he went." She ſpoke with an earneſtneſs that proved ſhe felt what ſhe ſaid.

"Does

" Does it?" he pronounced, ſternly—" I am ſorry for it, Miſs Aubrey—" and laying down his book, immediately quitted the room.

Miſs Dorothy now became actually vociferous in her complaints againſt Mr. Montague; and Angelina expected every moment to ſee the cards daſhed on the floor.

" Merciful—forgive me!" ſhe cried, " there is no ſitting this—it is quite impoſſible—the cards would never run ſo croſs if it was all fair play;—but I can ſee how it is, for *ſome people* never look at their hands, but keep ſtaring out of the window; ſo I don't know how we ſhould do otherwiſe than loſe."

" Angelina, who was ſitting oppoſite to Montague, was too intent on the book ſhe was reading, to obſerve that it was ſhe who drew his attention, till Miſs Dorothy, watching Montague's eyes, diſcovered the attraction. Provoked at his rudeneſs in neglecting the game, which

her whole heart was ſet upon winning, and ſtill more ſo in finding to whom his attention was directed, her anger was now no longer to be reſtrained; and, turning round on her chair in a violent paſſion, with a voice more than uſually elevated, ſhe demanded of Angelina—"how ſhe dared inſult a perſon of her reſpectability!"

"I have got eyes, Miſs," ſaid ſhe—(and to prove it, ſhe opened them to the full extent of their orbits)—"you have been making your game of me, behind my chair, to Mr. Montague; and now you are going to pretend, I ſuppoſe, not to know what I mean.—Oh! the art and wickedneſs of ſome people;—I can ſee through you, I can; and, if Lady Eldwin had taken my advice, ſhe would have ſent you packing long ago;—but, if my niece has a mind to put up with it, that is no reaſon I ſhould:—to be laughed at by a creature, that nobody knows who or what ſhe is!—I'll not bear it, I aſſure you;—and not another day will I ſtay in the houſe." And then throwing down the

the cards with great violence on the table, and almoſt overſetting it, trembling with rage, ſhe flounced out of the room, leaving every one loſt in ſilent wonder;—when Lady Eldwin, riſing from her ſeat, proteſted, in a languiſhing tone—"That Angelina's airs would be the death of her—her nerves were already debilitated by ſuch frequent buſtles;"—and calling for her woman with Ethelind, ſhe was conveyed to her chamber, apparently in a fainting fit.

The amazed and terrified Angelina would have followed, but her trembling limbs refuſed their wonted office, and ſhe ſunk upon a chair almoſt inſenſible to what had paſt.

Montague, feeling himſelf the cauſe of what had happened, and of having, though innocently, drawn upon her the diſpleaſure of the family, flew about the room, ſcarce conſcious of what he did, for ſhe had almoſt fainted—when ſprinkling a little water in her face, ſhe reco-

vered, and a violent burſt of tears ſomewhat relieved her.

"I ſhall never forgive myſelf," ſaid he; "nor can I aſk you to pardon me, Miſs Aubrey."

Angelina wept without anſwering, for ſhe was too much overcome to utter one word, but held out her hand to him as a token ſhe was not offended.—He took it reſpectfully, for he held it too ſacred to carry it even to his lips, whilſt he acknowledged gratefully her unmerited forgiveneſs—At that inſtant the door opened, and Mr. Eldwin appeared:—he ſtarted back, as if doubting the evidence of his ſenſes;—he had left the room half an hour before, with the family all chearfully amuſing themſelves at cards, and now all looked confuſion—no one preſent but Miſs Aubrey, in tears, and Montague leaning fondly over her.

Angelina, ſtruck forcibly by the reproachful looks of Mr. Eldwin, and unable to hear a repetition of what had

paſſed, quitted the room, and, with trembling ſteps, hurried to her chamber. —Here the recollection of Miſs Dorothy's inſinuation ſtill ſounded in her ears—"*A creature, that no one knows who or what ſhe is!*"—"What muſt Mr. Montague think?—every one uniting in the ſame ſevere opinion, what is to become of me?" ſaid ſhe.—"No friend to apply to! —no home to return to!—Sir Edward abſent!—and, even ſuppoſing him here, have not I ſolemnly bound myſelf to ſecrecy by his injunctions?—Is it, then, likely he would uphold me in oppoſition to his family?"—She was overwhelmed with theſe reflections, and terrified at the proſpect they preſented to her fearful imagination. She had paſſed her earlieſt years in the boſom of peace and tranquillity—her days had glided away unmarked by ſorrow, unruffled by thoſe diſquietudes which too often obtrude upon domeſtic peace—converting the means of happineſs, by a falſe application of it, into the inſtrument of miſery; —ſhe had lived under the auſpicious guidance of a reſpectable and valuable

monitreſs, accuſtomed only to the voice of maternal tenderneſs, and the ſmile of fond approbation.

To her Angelina had looked up in all the confidence of unreſtrained affection; —ſhe honored her as a mother, and loved her as a friend. The violence of Miſs Dorothy's unprovoked ill-humour, contraſted with the tenderneſs of her who had thus guided her earlieſt youth, ſtruck her mind the more forcibly, from its being a treatment ſhe was ſo unaccuſtomed to meet, and preſented a freſh ſubject of ſorrow, which ſhe had neither power or wiſh to diſſipate.

Angelina, though gentle and mild in her temper, was yet ſenſibly alive to the indignity now offered her; for in young minds not accuſtomed to ſorrow, every ſpecies of it is felt with the force of actual miſery.

Thus it was with her;—ſhe dwelt on all the endearing affection of her loſt friend—on all the happineſs ſhe had known

known before ſhe quitted Vernly—and, contraſting it with her preſent ſituation, aggravated it, till ſhe believed herſelf wretched in the extreme.

Oh! that, in ſuch domeſtic evils, the ſufferers, inſtead of exaggerating their afflictions, would endeavour to behold them in their proper form!—ſo might the bitter cup be converted to a wholeſome cordial, their griefs conſidered as leſſons of patience and placability, and the bonds of affection remain unbroken.

When Patty entered, to ſay ſupper was ready, ſhe ſtood ſome time unnoticed:—at length Angelina obſerved her, and ſtarting at her own abſence of mind, and feeling the greateſt reluctance to appear before the family, ſhe diſmiſſed the ſervant to excuſe her, by pleading indiſpoſition, and retired to reſt.

There is a dignity in conſcious innocence, of a quality ſo ſoothing, that, whilſt the boſom of the injured is wounded by the ſting of falſe accuſation, or unmerited

unmerited reproach, the potency of its virtue imperceptibly ſteals there, and mingles with the throb of anguiſh the triumph of ſelf-approbation. But reflections, in ſpite of all our reſolutions to combat them—" will come when they will come;" and, like the coward aſſaſſin, force their unbidden entrance upon the mind when it has leaſt power to conquer them.

Angelina now remembered that ſhe was an orphan, and had no direct claim upon any one.—It was the firſt time in her life that the reflection obtruded; for ſhe had never cauſe to remember it before—it was a painful thought, and ſo overcame her gentle ſpirits, that, when Patty went to inquire after her in the morning, ſhe found her in a high fever, and talking ſo incoherently, that the girl, terrified and alarmed, haſtily flew to her miſtreſs to acquaint her of it.—But Lady Eldwin's exceſſive ſenſibility was never excited upon ſuch trifling occaſions, for ſhe laviſhed ſo much upon herſelf, that her humane affections never extended

any

any farther; and judging every one by the littleneſs of her own heart, ſhe liſtened with the greateſt indifference to what Patty ſaid; very liberally believing it impoſſible for a young girl, in full health as Angelina was, to be alive to ſo much feeling.—She reſolved, therefore, to take no notice of it; concluding, that, by that means, ſhe would ſoon recover:—but her Ladyſhip's great ſagacity, for once, was deceived, and, before the day was over (through the interpoſition of Mr. Eldwin), ſhe was under the neceſſity of applying for medical aid.

Nature, in her wiſdom, has happily ordained, that the ungentle paſſions of the human heart ſhall return to it, as the inſtruments of its own puniſhments; for, after the firſt tranſports are over, in ſpite of the ſophiſtry of Pride, Reaſon ſinks the mind to the moſt humiliating ſenſe of its own weakneſs.

This was the ſituation of Miſs Dorothy when ſhe recovered from her ill humour, and found Angelina in the ſtate deſcribed.—

ed.—She heartily repented having treated her with ſo much violence—ſhe now remembered all her good qualities, for ſhe could not but acknowledge that Angelina was ever ready to oblige her; and ſhe was determined, if the poor thing recovered, to make all the amends in her power, by behaving, for the future, more kindly to her.—Thus Miſs Dorothy, convinced of the ill effects of a violent temper, reſolved never to be in a paſſion more;—her uneaſineſs was much increaſed, by hearing from the apothecary that Miſs Aubrey was very ill—very ill, indeed.

This good man, not having a great deal of practice, always contrived to keep his patients as long indiſpoſed as poſſible; and, by his looks, when he was aſked how he found her, they imagined her much worſe than ſhe really was.

Mr. Larwell (for that was the doctor's name) was much better known for his political diſcuſſion, than *phyſical* operations;

tions; but he was the only profeſſional man within ſome miles of Eaſt-Cliff, and, on trifling occaſions, he was always applied to.—He was a violent antiminiſterialiſt, and the time he ſhould have employed in applying to his buſineſs, he was holding forth at a club in the neighbourhood, where he undertook to open to the knowledge of his auditory the whole ſyſtem of government;—he anatomized and diſſected every *member of the whole body*—ſhewed why each nerve and fibre were diſtended—told them the property of the great artery, and of the leſſer artery;—and, in his own language, phyſically reaſoned upon the *why* and the *wherefore*, till he believed he had clearly ſhewn to his neighbours the impure and diſordered ſtate of a *corrupted conſtitution;* and boldly prophecied, that neither art, or nature, could reſtore it to its native purity.—This ſubject the doctor handled with ſo much effect, that, where he did not ſucceed in relieving the body, he moſt effectually ſucceeded in poiſoning the mind—for the ignorant looked up to him as the very fountain

of

of truth. This gave him a conceit of his great abilities.—If he was aſked a queſtion, he ſeldom anſwered in direct terms, generally deviating from the ſubject, and applying it to his favourite topic:—but, at Sir Edward's, he had always a check upon himſelf, for he was not quite ſo diſintereſted in his opinion as he profeſſed to be. There was a foppiſhneſs in his manner that gave him the air of a mountebank—his figure was tall and meagre—and he affected a ſolemnity, whilſt his countenance was marked with a vacuity that characterized his mind.

On his head he wore a full-bottomed powdered wig, with a little dapper three-cornered hat, that ſcarce covered it; this he put under his arm with an air of great dignity, and drawing on a pair of white gloves (which he always wore on particular occaſions), entered the drawing-room.

"Well, Sir, how is your patient?" aſked Mr. Eldwin, anxiouſly.—"Why, really, Sir," ſaid the doctor, pompouſly, "I think

" I think her very ill—that is to ſay, ſhe is by no means well—ſomething has alarmed, or frightened, or terrified her—you muſt keep her quiet, Madam," turning to Lady Eldwin—" you muſt not let any one diſturb her, or I won't anſwer for the conſequences."

Montague, who was preſent at this information, could ſcarce command his feelings; he reproached himſelf as the cauſe of her illneſs; and, dreading to hear the doctor's farther opinion, hurried out of the room; whilſt Lady Eldwin, ſecretly fearing Sir Edward's anger, begged, that if more advice was neceſſary, it might be had.

" No," returned the doctor, " no, Madam!—for, as I before obſerved, the young Lady is very ill, very ill, indeed; yet, I have not a doubt, but, with a little of my ſkilful management, that all will be vaſtly well, though, perhaps, not quite ſo ſoon as I could wiſh. Theſe ſort of attacks are not to be reſiſted immediately; and the misfortune of it is, that very few

men

men know how to treat them—that is to ſay, they miſtake them, and apply improper means—not that I mean any reflection on the profeſſors of phyſic—Oh, no; far otherwiſe:—but, as I was ſaying before, it is for want of proper judgment that ſo many people ſuffer from wrong treatment;—not that I wiſh to ſound my own praiſe—though you know, Sir," turning to Mr. Eldwin, with a ſmile of ſelf-approbation—" you know, Sir," (ſmoothing his ruffles) " there is no great merit in one man's being endowed with a greater ſkill than his neighbour. I ſay this, becauſe I don't wiſh it to be underſtood that I am proud of my ſuperior abilities; though it is a ſatisfaction to hear, that I am eſteemed the firſt anatomiſt in the country—and equally ſkilful in all ſurgical operations;—that is to ſay, in ſetting of broken limbs—binding up wounds—drawing of teeth—and a judgment infallible in my critical obſervations; for *Limeri* himſelf did not know more about Pharmacy:—yet, with all theſe advantages, the people here are ſo ignorant, that, when they are ill, they doctor

doctor themſelves with quack medicines; and, if I call in juſt to ſee how they do, and write down what they ſhould ſend for from the ſhop, they are frightened, as if I was a conjuror, and had the art of inviſibly picking their pockets.

"Now, as a friend of mine—that is to ſay, a gentleman of my acquaintance, was obſerving, the other day, that it was a moſt unfortunate circumſtance, that a man of my great abilities ſhould have been always buried in a place where I have never had an opportunity of proving my ſkill—which, in plainer language, is ſimply this—where I have never had any practice."

This harangue from the ſkilful doctor, was now happily interrupted—much to the relief of his auditors.—Angelina remained near a week in the ſtate Mr. Larwell deſcribed—*very ill—very ill, indeed*; when Lady Eldwin, from the ſame motive that had before impelled her, inſiſted on having more advice.

The

The doctor, now, immediately altered his tone; and *ſhe was better, much better.* During the time of her indiſpoſition, the doctor did not fail to pay due attention, and generally contrived to pop in juſt as the family were ſitting down to dinner; for not all his intenſe ſtudy, and cloſe application, had once affected his appetite;—and he could diſcuſs with as much fluency on culinary matters, and diſplay as much knowledge in ſauces and made diſhes, as if he had ſtudied under the moſt accompliſhed epicures.

CHAP. XI.

ANGELINA had now quitted her chamber—and one day, when the family had juſt dined, they heard a carriage rattling uncommonly faſt through the outward court of the Caſtle;—ſhe flew to the window, and, before Lady Eldwin could aſk who it was, eagerly exclaimed—" Good heavens! it is my uncle!"

" That is impoſſible," ſaid her Ladyſhip—" for I had a letter from him yeſterday, to ſay, his buſineſs prevented his returning this fortnight."

Every eye was turned towards the door; but in vain—no one appeared.

" Do, Horace," ſaid her Ladyſhip to Mr. Eldwin, " inquire who it is."

" Lord!"

"Lord!" cried Ethelind—"how monſtrous odd!—why, the chariot is ſplaſhed all over, juſt as if they had been driving for a wager."

When Mr. Eldwin returned, he told his mother that it was Sir Edward; who, on entering the houſe, had inquired for Oliver, his man; and that they were now in his dreſſing-room together, having given orders not to be diſturbed.

"What!—have you not ſeen him?" demanded her Ladyſhip.

"No," Mr. Eldwin returned;—"as thoſe were his commands, I did not chuſe to intrude."—This ſtrange conduct perplexed all preſent—and Lady Eldwin, calling for ſome *Eau-de-luce*, proteſted, Sir Edward was the moſt cruel man in the world—knowing how unable her ſpirits were to ſupport the ſurpriſe, which ſo unexpected an arrival would occaſion.

"I hope my father is not ill," cried Ethelind.

"What

"What if he is," ſhe returned—"that is no reaſon why I am to be thrown into theſe tremours.—There was advice to be had, I ſuppoſe, without his coming home for it.—Philip went with his maſter," continued her Ladyſhip—"let him be ſent for." When the man entered, ſhe deſired Miſs Dorothy to interrogate him. Philip ſaid, (on being queſtioned) "all that he know'd, was, that he had given his maſter a letter, the night before, that com'd by the poſt; but where the poſt brought it from he could not pretend to ſay;—but, howmſoever, when his Honour took't it, my Lady, his Honour looked in a marvellous great taking, and ſaid as how, he muſt ſet off for Eaſt-Cliff that night. To Eaſt-Cliff, ſays I, your Honour!—Why, ſays I—I thought your Honour was going to London to-morrow, ſays I:—I did not mean any harm, thoff I ſaw his honour was angered; ſo then, you ſee, my Lady, I went and clap't two pair o'hired horſes to the charot; ſo then, you ſee, we ſet out—and we drove it develiſh faſt, as his Honour commanded; for, ſaving your preſence, my

Lady, we never ſtopped ſo much as to have a drink on the road."

Her Ladyſhip then waved her hand, as a ſignal for the man to retire; and Philip made his exit, leaving all preſent as much perplexed as ever.

Whilſt they were all ſurmizing a reaſon for this ſtrange conduct, Montague, who had been abſent for upwards of a week, entered—and, after ſlightly paying his reſpects to the ladies, advanced to Angelina, whom he had not ſeen ſince her recovery.

His manly, intelligent countenance, ſpoke a pleaſure more forcibly than the moſt emphatic language could have expreſſed, on ſeeing her reſtored to health. She looked pale, indeed, but not leſs lovely—and whether her features were animated with pleaſure, or ſhaded with melancholy, they were alike intereſting. Her's was a countenance that indicated an intelligent, amiable mind, and immediately appealed to the heart. The animated

mated and delicate manner in which Montague addreſſed her, called a deep bluſh into her cheeks, (for ſhe remembered the inſinuations of Miſs Dorothy, and the ill-natured conſtructions put upon her actions) and made her ſedulouſly avoid his attention. She thanked him for his polite inquiries, and, catching Lady Eldwin's eye bent earneſtly on her, ſhe walked up to the window, and took up a book, to prevent his ſaying any more.

Ethelind then engroſſed all his attention, repeatedly aſſuring him how much ſhe had regretted his abſence;—the truth of this Lady Eldwin endeavoured to confirm, by obſerving, that her daughter, ſince he had left them, had done nothing but mope about the houſe, as if ſhe had been going melancholy.

Angelina felt the colour mount into her cheeks at this indirect and indelicate way of expreſſing her Ladyſhip's ſentiments—nor did ſhe dare lift her eyes to ſee what effect it had on Mr. Montague.

Lady Eldwin then began to expreſs her diſapprobation of Sir Edward's conduct—and, addreſſing the former, related the whole affair, with as many additions, as ſhe thought neceſſary, to aggravate it.

During this harangue, Angelina thought to herſelf—"Good Heavens!—does Lady Eldwin ſpeak her ſentiments ſo freely of Sir Edward?—Is he not her huſband—and is ſhe not bound to him by the cloſeſt of all ties?—If affection did not dictate otherwiſe, delicacy ſhould prevent her from expoſing him;—and that not only to her own family—but even before a ſtranger.

She ſaw Montague was not much diſpoſed to liſten to her.—He delicately hinted, that her Ladyſhip ſhould ſuſpend her judgment till ſhe was acquainted with Sir Edward's motives.

"Motives, indeed!" cried Miſs Dorothy—"I have no idea that any motives are to juſtify neglect. I think it quite an affront to come into the houſe, after being

being abſent ſo long, without even inquiring for his wife and family!"—Though there was ſome truth in *this*, yet it was certainly very ill-timed;—but Miſs Dorothy had not the happy art of conciliating; and where a ſevere retort, or ill-natured ſpeech, could wound or irritate, it never failed to eſcape her.

There was an awkwardneſs diffuſed itſelf throughout the party:—no one choſe to ſay what they thought—Miſs Dorothy ſeemed better pleaſed than any of the reſt, and diverted herſelf with her lap-dog; *heartily rejoicing* that ſhe was not ſubject to the whims and caprice of a huſband; pitying the poor wretches who were fools enough to marry (an epithet ſhe always dignified them with); and, drawing herſelf up exultingly, ſmiled, on the ſuperior advantages ſhe enjoyed in a ſtate of celibacy.

Theſe charming reflections were now entirely diſſipated by the appearance of Sir Edward—who, with a countenance of the greateſt ſatisfaction and good hu-

mour, entered the room; not more to the diſappointment of Miſs Dorothy (whoſe triumph was now over), than to the pleaſure of the reſt of the family.

Angelina's countenance beamed with delight, as ſhe involuntarily flew to meet him; but, when ſhe would have taken his hand, he turned from her with an air of chagrin—a ſudden gloomineſs overſpread his features, and chilled the grateful and affectionate feelings of her heart.

He then advanced to Lady Eldwin, who had thought it neceſſary to faint;—and, on her recovering, apologized to her for his abrupt return, offering, as an excuſe, that his immediate preſence was neceſſary at Eaſt-Cliff, to further his deſigns in a canal, which he was largely concerned in.

The pleaſure Angelina anticipated in her uncle's return, was ſo far from being realized, that ſhe ſuffered the moſt painful reſtraint in his preſence. His reception of her was not more cold, than the behaviour

behaviour that ſucceeded it; and it was with difficulty ſhe repreſſed her tears at this unexpected change in his conduct.—The moment ſhe reached her chamber, ſhe gave free vent to her feelings, and angrily reproached herſelf as the cauſe; fully convinced that ſhe muſt have offended him; at the ſame time, unable to recollect how. She loved him as a parent, and the idea of having, though involuntarily, incurred his diſpleaſure, was a ſubject of regret the moſt painful ſhe had ever experienced.—She had ſeen very little of the world—but, from what ſhe had ſeen, drew the moſt favourable concluſions. She had no regret for the paſt, but in the loſs of Mrs. Beverly; and as time will mitigate the moſt poignant grief, ſo, in her artleſs boſom, though the traces of it yet remained, they left no gloomy reflections. When ſhe thought of her, it was as one enjoying that ſtate of refined happineſs, which the virtues ſhe had practiſed in this life prepared her for.

The removal of her beloved friend had been immediately ſucceeded by the

protection of her uncle; and the mask of virtue, which covered the enormities of his mind, was not to be penetrated by an artless, unsuspecting girl of seventeen. Credulity is ever the companion of innocence—and Angelina would have staked her very existence on the assumed honour of Sir Edward.

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

NEAR a fortnight had elapſed, in which time Sir Edward became every day more gloomy and reſerved, though it was evident he endeavoured to conceal it, and affected a chearfulneſs too artificial to eſcape the obſervation of his family. He would frequently abſent himſelf for hours; but as Lady Eldwin never inquired the cauſe, and as he never revealed it himſelf, the reſt of the family were loſt in conjecture.

But no one felt this alteration in his conduct ſo much as Angelina. Before he quitted Eaſt-Cliff he had behaved to her with the utmoſt tenderneſs—now he appeared almoſt to ſhun her ſight: if they met by chance, he ſtarted—if ſhe ſpoke to him, as ſhe was wont to do, he anſwered her with a reſtrained coldneſs,

that wounded her feelings more than the ſevereſt language could have done.—Whilſt her mind was thus agitated, ſhe found it impoſſible to counterfeit chearfulneſs, and took every opportunity to ſteal from the family, to ſeek in retirement opportunities of uninterrupted reflection. This was not difficult—for every one became ſo indifferent about her, that ſhe was abſent for hours without being thought of. She felt this neglect in its full force; and if it had not been for the attention of Mr. Montague, which ſeemed to increaſe in proportion to the coldneſs of the others, her ſituation would have been inſupportable. She underſtood his motives for this good-natured politeneſs;—ſhe imagined that he ſaw ſhe was unhappy, and, in the kindneſs of his heart, that he pitied her.—He was ever ſolicitous to oblige her; and, by numberleſs offices of friendſhip, ſtrove to ſoften the harſhneſs with which he ſaw ſhe was treated by the reſt of the family. But this partial and grateful attention Angelina knew could not laſt long, as Lady Eldwin had hinted, that, in a very

ſhort

ſhort time, the marriage of Montague and Ethelind would take place.

Her ſpirits were every day more and more depreſſed; but ſhe was fully convinced that this ſadneſs originated in her uncle's evident neglect of her.

One night, when ſhe retired to her chamber, feeling no inclination to ſleep, ſhe ſat down with a mind more than uſually depreſſed, ruminating on the myſterious conduct of Sir Edward, which was now too obvious to paſs unnoticed. She reflected, with pain, upon her own uncertain ſtate—a thouſand ſtrange fancies took poſſeſſion of her—the doubtful connection between herſelf and Sir Edward—and the cloud that enveloped the life of Mrs. Beverley, were the ſubjects of daily contemplation;—a fearfulneſs, which ſhe ſtrove to diſſipate, crept through every vein—ſhe ſhuddered—and went towards the window.

The moon was on the decline, half veiled by the paſſing clouds, when it

now and then broke forth with increaſed ſplendour, touching the ſurrounding objects with a ſoft and tender light;—a dewy freſhneſs diffuſed itſelf in the light breezes that ſwept over the earth—and a ſolemn ſadneſs reigned congenial to the mind of Angelina.

The idea of Mrs. Beverley was more than uſually impreſſive;—it was juſt ſuch a night as this which preceded her death. The ſolemn ſtillneſs of the hour returned it to her mind with reiterated force;—ſhe raiſed her eyes with a mild earneſtneſs to Heaven, wrapped in the ſublimity of thought, as ſhe contemplated the awful change of her departed friend.—But a few months paſt ſhe had looked ſecurely on Mrs. Beverley, as the guide of her future ſteps—and now, when ſhe turned to her in thought—ſhe was no more!—There was a pleaſing melancholy in the retroſpection that ſuited the ſadneſs of her mind; and ſhe felt a confidence, inſpired by theſe reflections, which diffuſed a ſerenity over her mind that ſhe had long been a ſtranger to.—

The

The clock had tolled the hour of one before ſhe remembered how long the family had been retired to bed, and was preparing to cloſe her window, when ſhe was ſtartled by the ſound of footſteps, that ſeemed faſt approaching.—She liſtened for ſome minutes, when ſhe diſtinctly heard a voice, which ſeemed to iſſue from the building under her, exclaim, in a hollow whiſper—" Now is the appointed hour!"

She had but a confuſed ſight of the objects round her, for now the moon was almoſt ſunk, and the paſſing clouds intirely darkened the ſcene.—She ſtood watching, fearfully, for ſome minutes, when a faint beam ſhed a partial light on the ſteps of the terrace, and diſcovered two men moving ſlowly down them.

When they reached the bottom, they ſtood apparently in deep converſation; —then they proceeded on, till they reached the turf almoſt under Angelina's window,—when, to her horror and aſtoniſhment, ſhe ſaw them place on the graſs

graſs the ſhell of a coffin. One of the men, with cautious ſteps, returned to the terrace, whilſt the other continued to pace up and down in deep meditation, fearfully looking round him, as if he dreaded a diſcovery.—It was now eaſy to perceive, by the light that fell on the coffin, that it either bore a corpſe, or was intended for one. It was for a middle-ſized perſon, by its length; but, ſo narrow, as, at firſt, to admit a doubt of its being capable of containing a human body. Angelina ſtood motionleſs—As ſhe gazed, the object before her ſeemed to confirm her former ſuſpicions, that ſome perſon had been ſecreted in the Caſtle.—She ſhuddered at the ſight—every faculty was ſuſpended with horror—ſhe ſcarce breathed—the awful ſtilneſs that reigned, added to the ſolemnity of the ſcene—and a thouſand vague ideas ruſhed upon her mind.—She had ſtood near ten minutes watching the ſtranger, who ſtill continued to pace up and down—ſometimes liſtening whether all was ſilent, and then reſting, as if waiting

ing anxiouſly for the aſſiſtance of ſome other perſon.

It now occurred to Angelina that the light in her room might diſcover her; and, determining, if poſſible, to ſee the event of this ſtrange, myſterious affair, ſhe withdrew to extinguiſh it.—When ſhe returned, ſhe obſerved the ſtranger was joined by a man, muffled in a large folded cloak—his hat flapped over his eyes—and his whole air denoting the neceſſity of concealment. They ſtood for ſome time apparently in deep converſation; and, with a hope of hearing the ſubject of it, ſhe again ventured to uncloſe her window—when the voice of the perſon diſguiſed, to her aſtoniſhment, diſcovered—Sir Edward!

Angelina was ready to ſink—an unaccountable dread ſeized her—there was ſomething ſo horrid in the myſterious air he aſſumed;—but her fears gave way to her deſire of being farther acquainted with their intentions.—After talking too low to be underſtood, they advanced towards

wards the coffin. Sir Edward ſeemed to lean penſively over it for ſome time, till he was interrupted by the ſtranger, who obſerved, it was time to go.—This he repeated ſeveral times, before the former ſeemed ſenſible that he ſpoke.

Angelina liſtened with a mixture of terror and curioſity, as ſhe heard Sir Edward aſk, in a tremulous voice—"If he had every thing ready."—She could not catch the anſwer, but ſaw him bend over the coffin, and heard him ſigh deeply.

She then heard the ſtranger ſay—"That he ſaw no reaſon why Sir Edward ſhould regret what he had done.—You will have no more ſighing and groaning," he continued; "and, by the Lord Harry, if I had been your Honor, it ſhould never have ——————" here Angelina loſt the reſt of the ſentence.

"Is the grave deep?" aſked Sir Edward.

"Ay,"

"Ay, deep enough, I warrant me, or I ſhould wonder," returned his companion.—"The worms will have a fine treat—for they will ſoon make their way through this carcaſs-box"—ſtriking the coffin with a cord that he held in his hand.

She ſhuddered—and heard Sir Edward angrily exclaim—"Peace, villain!—away with this ill-timed raillery."

"If I am a villain," replied the man, ſaucily, "I the more reſemble my betters, I'll warrant me.—But, come—won't your Honor chuſe to be moving?—The air is chilly—and I am not for ſtaying here all night."

Sir Edward made no anſwer, but continued, for ſome minutes, to gaze on the coffin in profound thought; when Angelina heard him ſay—"After all, Oliver, I am not equal to what I propoſed."—A guſt of wind ſhook her window, and ſhe loſt the reſt of the ſpeech.

To this the man ſeemed to anſwer in a jocoſe ſtrain, and jeeringly ſaid—"Your Honor wants the courage of an honeſt man;—but, hark'e—leave the buſineſs to me—I warrant I ſha'nt ſtand ſhilly-ſhally."

To this propoſal Sir Edward ſeemed eagerly to aſſent:—they then talked for a conſiderable time in a low whiſper together—the former often motioning him to ſilence.

Angelina found, by their converſation, that Lady Eldwin was a ſtranger to the whole affair; as Sir Edward ſaid—"He had effectually ſilenced her Ladyſhip's ſuſpicions; and that ſhe now believed that he was in his ſtudy."—Angelina heard no more.

Sir Edward walked penſively towards the Caſtle—and the man, taking up the coffin, moved on towards the north turret.—Here ſhe ſaw him enter, and the light, as before, aſcend with him. From this

this circumſtance ſhe concluded him to be the ſame perſon ſhe had ſeen paſs under her window ſoon after her return from the rectory.—Angelina almoſt doubted the evidence of her ſenſes, till the object again returned to her imagination. The burying a corpſe at that late hour—the ſecrecy attending it—Sir Edward's late myſterious conduct—and now his apparent intereſt and concern in the recent ſcene ſhe had witneſſed, all conſpired to terrify her.—A cold chillineſs ran through her veins—ſhe ſtood trembling for ſome minutes, unable to move—till, recovering herſelf, ſhe haſtily cloſed her window; and committing herſelf to the protection of Heaven, retired to bed.

It was ſome time before ſhe could compoſe her mind; and, when ſhe dropped aſleep, the moſt terrifying phantoms fleeted before her.—The ſcene ſhe had ſo lately witneſſed ſtill preſented itſelf; and, when ſhe awoke in the morning, it burſt upon her recollection with reiterated force.

When

When Angelina appeared at breakfaſt, her languid countenance ſpoke a mind haraſſed and fatigued.

Ethelind inquired if ſhe was ill.—This caught Sir Edward's attention;—he gazed on her with his wonted tenderneſs, and, with his former expreſſions of affection, aſked her what was the matter?—She was ſo overcome by this unexpected change in his manners, and ſo far checked by an involuntary impulſe from diſcloſing the cauſe of her uneaſineſs, that ſhe burſt into tears. Aſhamed of a weakneſs that ſhe had not courage to explain, ſhe hurried out of the room, leaving the reſt of the party confounded, and ignorant of the cauſe of her emotion.

As ſoon as ſhe was gone, Miſs Dorothy broke the ſilence, by obſerving —"That though it was far from her intention to prejudice Sir Edward againſt Angelina, yet ſhe could not help obſerving, that ſhe was an odd-tempered young creature—a very whimmy diſpoſition—

though

though, poor thing!" added Miſs Dorothy, "ſhe is as ignorant as a baby."

"If refined delicacy," ſaid Mr. Eldwin, "and an artleſſneſs of diſpoſition, that I never ſaw equalled, is termed ignorance, then, indeed, Madam, ſhe merits the charge; but, for ſo young a creature, ſhe has an underſtanding which aſtoniſhes me." This he ſpoke with a degree of warmth that did not paſs unnoticed.

"Pray, brother," ſaid Ethelind, "what ſcience was you ſtudying, when you diſcovered Angelina's worth?"

Mr. Eldwin looked confuſed; but, recollecting himſelf, anſwered—"It required neither penetration nor ſtudy to read what was ſo legibly written. You may view it in every feature of her face," he continued.

"Yes, Horace, ſo I may, if you'll let me peep through the ſame medium as you do;—for, at preſent, I muſt acknowledge that

that my penetration cannot diſcover the mighty perfections you ſpeak of."

"You are too much of a woman," ſaid he, "to behold excellence in another."

"Indeed you are miſtaken," ſhe returned—"but, as I do not view her with the eyes of my philoſophical brother, I will not pretend to judge of his feelings:—but, I muſt own, if it was any other ſpeaking, I ſhould conclude that Love, all-powerful Love, had made the diſcovery."

Mr. Eldwin coloured;—he was highly offended at this inſinuation—and, without condeſcending to anſwer, quitted the room.

The reſerve in Sir Edward's manners ſoon gradually wore off—he no loger abſented himſelf from the family—and Angelina felt happy in being once more reſtored to his favour;—ſeveral weeks paſſed without any thing material occurring

ring. In this time, ſhe began to diſcover that Mr. Arden's ideas of happineſs were juſt; and that her uncle was, by no means, ſo enviable as ſhe at firſt imagined—ſince the eaſe and luxury in which they lived, ſo far from affording him pleaſure, ſeemed only the ſource of pain;—for, though Sir Edward affected to be happy, and had every external means to render him ſo, yet there were moments, when it was but too evident that his heart had no connection with this borrowed tranquillity. His time was chiefly taken up in projecting new plans for improving his eſtate;—old buildings were thrown down, and new ones erected:—the long eſtabliſhed cuſtoms of the Treclanna family (in which the intereſt of their people was conſidered as their own), now gave way to the mercenary diſpoſition of their deſcendant.—All the ſmall farms were thrown together, and let in advanced rents to the more opulent farmers;—the face of the country around them, underwent an intire change;—the peaceful ſmiles of the poor and induſtrious, were converted into the frowns

and juſt reſentment of an aggrieved people.

Thoſe who had been accuſtomed to live in decency and comfort, became wretched and houſeleſs,—either forced by their neceſſitous ſituations to become ſubſervient to the monopolizer, or quit the abode of their youthful days;—be eſtranged from their kindred and their friends—to ſeek, at random, that bread, which they had been accuſtomed ſo long to conſider as their unalienable property. Yet neither their petitions or diſtreſſes had power to affect a heart, that was alive to no intereſt but its own.

Montague, during this period, reſided entirely at Eaſt-Cliff; but as Ethelind never revealed to Angelina, whether he had diſcloſed his ſentiments or not, ſhe was entirely ignorant of what had paſſed, though her own obſervations convinced her that Ethelind was engaged to him.

Her mind often reverted to the midnight ſcene under her window; but no clue offered to unravel the myſtery. She frequently

frequently endeavoured to ſound Mr. Arden, and to draw from him whether or not he was privy to that affair; but the old man either did not, or would not underſtand her.—He was generally ſo ſtern and abrupt in his manners, that few elſe ventured to talk to him:—but he had always particularized Angelina by the moſt diſtinguiſhing marks of reſpect; and would frequently bleſs her with an earneſtneſs, that, whilſt it gratified, ſurprized her.—There was an air of contempt that marked his deportment towards the reſt of the family;—for, whilſt Sir Edward ſeemed ſtudiouſly anxious to pay him every reſpect, he received his civilities with the coldeſt indifference. But ſuch is the dignity of virtue, that pride and ambition ſhrink before the meaneſt of her diſciples into their own littleneſs.

Mrs. Summers and Lucy had been, for ſome time, at Swanſey, and were not expected to return for ſome weeks; ſo that now Angelina had ſeldom any occaſion to viſit the rectory.

CHAP. XIII.

ONE morning, after breakfaſt, when the Ladies were ſitting at work, the door of the room opened, and Mr. Arden entered. All preſent looked ſurpriſed, as he never came unleſs ſent for; and even then with reluctance.

There was an air of ſadneſs in his manner, which he ſeemed always anxious to conceal, by affecting an auſterity that had no connection with his nature;—for, in ſpite of all his endeavours, the ſparks of natural kindneſs, that warmed his boſom, beamed too ſtrong to be extinguiſhed by the weakneſs of an old man's humour. His countenance, though pale and meagre, was mild and penetrating; which, whilſt it intereſted the beholder, commanded reſpect;—and his venerable ſilver locks ſhaded a brow, where the traces of ſorrow were too legibly written.

His

His figure was rather above the common ſize; but it had loſt the vigour of youth, and bent forward in all the grace and humility of age.

"I am come, Madam," ſaid he, walking up to Lady Eldwin—"I am come to aſk charity—to beg for the widow and the orphan," preſenting a paper.

"Oh! pray—" ſaid her Ladyſhip, in an affected tone—"don't ſhew me any diſmal petitions—my nerves are too weak already—and it always affects me ſo dreadfully, that I never ſuffer myſelf to read them:—I am extremely ſorry—but, indeed, I cannot look at it"—laying it down on the table—"and the truth is, at preſent I have no money to throw away."

"You are perfectly right," ſaid Miſs Dorothy, who was writing to her milliner, to ſend her the moſt faſhionable hat that was worn—"you are perfectly right," ſhe repeated, laying down her pen—"I never ſuffer myſelf to be moved

by any entreaties of that ſort—that is not what I call charity—giving to *nobody knows who!*—I have no notion of it—there are objects enough that want it—I am ſure it is unknown what I give away—and really one has ſo many other ways to ſpend one's money, that I cannot think of giving to ſtrangers."

"Do not alarm yourſelf, Madam," ſaid the old man—"I did not mean to aſk *you*"—paſſing her with an air of contempt, and walking up to Ethelind.

"You, my young Lady, have a heart, I truſt; and I hope your nerves are not yet ſo weak, as to refuſe the unfortunate a hearing."

"Oh! Mr. Arden," ſaid Ethelind, "how unfortunate!—I am really very ſorry, but I have juſt expended all my allowance-money to five guineas, and that I have ſaved to buy a veil."

"Go without the veil," ſaid the old man.

"Not

"Not for the world," anſwered this thoughtleſs girl—"for who will know I gave the poor woman the money?—I cannot write it on my old one."

"No;" returned the reverend man, earneſtly—"but you may write it where it will be leſs ſeen, and leſs liable to be eraſed;—you may write it on your heart, my child."

Ethelind, whoſe heart was by no means void of feeling, acknowledged the force of his words; and, taking out her purſe, would have offered him a guinea, when Lady Eldwin, highly offended with the ſteward, in an authoritative voice, bade her put up her purſe, and ſave her money for ſome better purpoſe.

Ethelind very readily complied, excuſing herſelf, in obeying her mother; though on moſt other occaſions her Ladyſhip's commands were, by her daughter, unattended to.

Mr. Arden turned angrily from her, and going up to Angelina with an exulting ſmile on his countenance, as much as to ſay—" here is one who will ſet you all an example," ſtood before her for ſome minutes in ſilence.—She was at work—and lifting her timid eyes, with a half ſmile, and deep bluſh, dropped them again, without ſaying a word.

The old man was diſappointed—he turned from her without ſpeaking; and, ſo much was he hurt, that he left the room without once obſerving Montague, who ſat oppoſite to Angelina.

Miſs Dorothy was entering into the motives of the old man's aſking charity. —She did not like to be *ill-natured*, but ſhe would lay her life, that, after all, it was only for himſelf that he ſolicited them.

Angelina roſe from her ſeat, and laid down her work;—ſhe met the eyes of Montague looking reproachfully at her;—ſhe bluſhed to crimſon, and haſtily quitted the room.

But

But the moment ſhe ſhut the door, Pleaſure reſumed her ſeat;—ſhe felt, in its full force, the impulſe that directed her—and, running ſwift through the paſſage, endeavoured to overtake Mr. Arden.—She called to him; but Mr. Arden's thoughts were too much engaged to hear the ſound of her voice, till ſhe repeated his name, and then he turned round—but not with his wonted good-humour.

"You cannot want me, Lady—" ſaid the old man, darting on her a look of reproach.

"Nay, Mr. Arden, do not be angry—" ſhe ſpoke with a tear ſtarting in her eye, whilſt a ſmile beamed over it, as if to exhale it—"here," ſhe continued, earneſtly, putting a piece of paper in his hand—"If this will be the means of rendering any aſſiſtance to the poor people who want it—take it Mr. Arden—I wiſh it was more."

"No—I thank you"—he returned, coldly—"you will want it to buy a veil, and to-morrow be ſorry you parted with it."

"Oh! how I ſhould hate myſelf," ſhe exclaimed eagerly—"if I deſerved this reproach!—No, Mr. Arden, I am giddy—I am indiſcreet—but I am not unfeeling."

"Are you not," cried he, "ſoftened by her manner—"then you are an angel, and I am not diſappointed;" kiſſing her hand as he took the money—"But why, child, why did you not give it before the unfeeling?—" he checked himſelf.

"I was afraid," ſhe returned—"after what had paſſed, that it would have offended Lady Eldwin; for it would have looked as if I meant to defy them all."

"Not at all," ſaid Mr. Arden—"it would have ſhewn you an advocate for virtue—now you have proved yourſelf an enemy to it, ſince you fear to act right."

"I am

"I am ſorry I have done wrong," ſhe returned.

"I long to make them all aſhamed of themſelves," ſaid the old man—"I'll go back, that I will, and tell them of what you have given me."

"No—for Heaven's ſake," ſaid Angelina, much alarmed—"pray don't!—it will look ſo exulting, and the money will do the poor woman as much good, you know, as if I had given it before the whole world."

Mr. Arden's humour would have been much more gratified if it had been otherwiſe; and it was not without ſome perſuaſion that ſhe prevailed on him to give up his intention; though, at the ſame time, his heart approved of the motive that withheld her.

"But I muſt not take all this," he cried—"looking at the note—"it is too much—it will make the poor unfortunates too happy.—Are you ſure, my

young Lady—are you quite ſure you can part with it?"

"Indeed," ſaid ſhe, "if you ſaw my heart at this moment, you would not aſk me.—Part with it!—what a wretch muſt I be if I heſitated!"

"Bleſſed child," ſaid the old man, looking tenderly at her, whilſt an unbidden tear rolled down his cheek—"may *He* who has endowed thee with the beauty of an angel, and given thee a mind ſo ſuperior to thy ſex, lead thee through the thorny paths of this life, in the rectitude of thine own heart, till thou ſhalt number with thoſe of everlaſting bliſs!—Yes, I will take it, and they ſhall bleſs thee;—thine own heart, too, it ſhall rejoice—for if ever thou art afflicted, my child, remember *this* hour, when you relieved the widow from want, and her children from wretchedneſs."

"The tears trickled down her cheeks at the emphatic manner with which he pronounced theſe words; and, though ever beautiful,

beautiful, at this moment ſhe looked particularly ſo.—She watched him till he was out of ſight;—then, turning to her chamber, involuntarily exclaimed—"*Happy, happy*, Angelina!—ſince the little thou haſt to beſtow has ſuch power to relieve."

When Mr. Arden repreſented the ſtate of the widow and her orphan children, every other idea was baniſhed from the mind of Angelina, in her wiſhes to relieve them;—her heart ſwelled with pity, and a momentary indignation diffuſed itſelf over her mind. When *they* had refuſed aſſiſtance, who had, notwithſtanding, ſuch ample means to beſtow it, ſhe did not even aſk her own heart if they were objects deſerving: it was enough they were in want, and the impulſe of the moment directed her to relieve them. The money devoted to this purpoſe was a ten pound note Sir Edward had given her to purchaſe ſome articles of dreſs; and it was not till ſhe reached her chamber that ſhe recollected a guinea and a half was now all ſhe had to ſatisfy the

demands of her milliner for dreſſes beſpoke.—This difficulty was ſoon obviated, for ſhe immediately diſpatched a letter to countermand the order.—And now there was but one circumſtance ſhe regretted—Montague was preſent when ſhe refuſed the ſteward.—" His looks evinced his contempt of Lady Eldwin's conduct, and what muſt he think of me, without feeling or humanity, that could liſten to the diſtreſſes of my fellow creatures ſo unmoved?—how he muſt deſpiſe me!—Perhaps he thought, *I, too,* wanted my money for gew-gaws;—would to Heaven I had given it before them all, for then I could not have forfeited his good opinion.—Yet what is his opinion to me?" ſhe continued.—" Am I ſo weak as to regret having acted according to the dictates of virtue, becauſe the effect is ſomewhat contrary to my wiſhes?—If any other motive had impelled me, ſhould not I ſecretly have felt myſelf contemptible; and, though I had drawn the encomiums of the *whole* world, would not the conſciouſneſs of not deſerving them, have been the ſevereſt reproach?—Ah! then,

then, how far preferable is the approbation of my own heart!—for, deſirous as I am of the good opinion of Mr. Montague, ſtill I will always endeavour to act by that rule of conduct ſo early implanted by my honoured Mrs. Beverly;—for there is a ſecret ſatisfaction that dilates the heart, when conſcious of acting right, that fully compenſates for every ſacrifice made to obtain it."

Theſe were her reflections as ſhe returned to the drawing-room.

Here Miſs Dorothy was exerciſing her oratorical powers, and enlarging on the virtue of diſcriminating in acts of benevolence.

This gave Angelina time to recover the embarraſſment ſhe felt on entering the room; and, fearful of encountering the eyes of Montague, ſhe walked up to the window, as if intent on the ſcene before her.

Whilſt

Whilſt Miſs Dorothy continued addreſſing Montague—" That it was *her* opinion that the law of ſociety was wholly perverted by relieving the wretches that are continually preying on the unſuſpicious;—for her part, though ſhe could not help ſaying that it hurt her feelings very much to refuſe them, yet ſhe never would permit herſelf, or her ſervants, to be moved by the entreaties of ſuch vagabonds; for ſhe was ſure not one in ten were objects deſerving.—What ſay you Sir—a'nt you of my opinion?"—ſhe aſked, in the full aſſurance he would anſwer in the affirmative.

" Not quite, Madam," he returned; " for, ſuppoſing the ſuppliant to be the one you except, I ſhould think it better to relieve the whole ten, than that one ſhould paſs by unnoticed."

" Bleſs me!" ſaid Miſs Dorothy, not at all pleaſed to have her opinion controverted, " that would be trepaſſing, indeed, on the law of ſociety."

" It

"It may be ſo," he continued; "and probably I am wrong—but ſuch are my opinions;—and I ſhould think it better the *law* of *ſociety* was nine times perverted, than the law of humanity *once* broke."

"As for that matter," Miſs Dorothy ſaid, "every body had a right to entertain their own opinion;—*her's* had been formed from obſervation;—for though ſhe had not lived a *great many* years in the world, ſhe had ſtill ſeen a good deal of life—and ſhe was not to be perſuaded by ſuch weak reaſonings."

Montague apologized for ſpeaking his ſentiments ſo freely, by aſſuring her he was far from expecting her to adopt his ſentiments, and endeavoured to change the ſubject.

But Miſs Dorothy could not help reverting to the former one, and every five minutes muttered over her work—"How incompetent are young men to talk on ſuch ſubjects!"

During

During this diſcourſe, Angelina had ſeated herſelf at the window, ingeniouſly interpreting all he had ſaid to an indirect way of reproving her.

The ladies now retired to dreſs, and left her only with Montague in the room —ſhe roſe to follow them.

" If I diſturb you, Miſs Aubrey," ſaid he, " I am gone."

" I did not—I was not—I did not mean to ſtay, Sir"—ſhe anſwered, much embarraſſed.

" It is not often, Miſs Aubrey, I have the pleaſure of your company; and if I thought it would not be too great a favour, I would ſolicit it now."

Angelina pauſed;—a thought occurred ſhe might have an opportunity of replacing herſelf in his good opinion.—They were ſilent for a few minutes, when Montague, with ſome heſitation, aſked her—" If ſhe had read the petition

tion which the old man had preſented in the morning."

This queſtion embarraſſed her—ſhe could not ſay yes—and, not daring to look up, ſhe ſtammered out that ſhe had not.

"Then you don't know where the poor woman lives?"

"No, Sir;—the ſteward can tell you, I dare ſay."

"That is a charming old man," ſaid Montague;—"I pitied him heartily this morning;—I fancy he expected better ſucceſs in the drawing-room, for he left it quite diſappointed.—Did not you think ſo, Miſs Aubrey?"

"I don't—I really—I did not—obſerve;—but, perhaps he did," ſaid Angelina, vexed to death with Montague's obſervation.

"I am

"I am thinking," he continued, "the ladies who refuſed their aſſiſtance to the petitioner, were much their own enemies; ſince, in the human heart, there cannot exiſt any reflection ſo grateful, as that which ariſes from the conſciouſneſs of acting right: but I am ſorry to ſee that there are ſome minds ſo intirely engroſſed by the frivolité of faſhion, as to forget it has any other claim.—How happy, then, is Miſs Aubrey," he continued; "and what a ſweet example does ſhe give of the innate goodneſs of her heart, who, contented to appear in the ſame light as the reſt, could ſecretly, in the true ſpirit of charity, ſhunning the oſtentatious diſplay of it, rejoice *that the little ſhe had to beſtow had ſuch power to relieve.*"

Angelina looked at him with doubtful ſurpriſe, recollecting theſe were the words ſhe had uſed in parting with the ſteward.—She bluſhed deeply—but whether it was with the conſciouſneſs of acting right, or with the ſecret pleaſure that he was acquainted that ſhe had done ſo, her

her heart could not determine—perhaps it was both.—" Was it quite fair to liſten, Sir?" ſhe aſked, with a ſmile.

" I believe not," he replied—" I cannot pretend to juſtify myſelf;—but, that you may not condemn me for more than I deſerve, you ſhall know how it happened.

" As ſoon as you left the room, I own I was much diſappointed;—don't be angry with me, Madam, if, at that moment, I thought you leſs amiable than I wiſhed,—and going myſelf in purſuit of the ſteward, my attention was arreſted by hearing you repeatedly call to him—My curioſity, I own, was excited after what had paſſed in the drawing-room—an involuntary impulſe made me ſtop—and the winding of the paſſage concealing me from your ſight, I there heard all that paſſed.—Amiable Miſs Aubrey!" he continued, " I dare not tell you what I thought at that moment; but I would have defied the moſt ſtoical being to have beheld you with indifference."

" I believe,"

"I believe," ſaid Angelina, riſing with confuſion at the earneſtneſs of his manners, "I have left my work up ſtairs."

"You will think me too preſuming, I'm afraid, if I aſk you to ſtay, Miſs Aubrey—yet I wiſh——the temptation was great—I hope I have not offended you—if I thought I had, I ſhould heartily repent this intruſion."

"No, *indeed*, Mr. Montague," ſaid ſhe earneſtly—"you think too well of me—and I am ſo unuſed to praiſe, that your too great politeneſs oppreſſes me." —They were then interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Montague's ſervant, who brought a direction from the ſteward where they were to find the poor woman.

Montague then aſked Angelina, if ſhe was not particularly engaged, to walk with him.—The hope of being of farther aſſiſtance to the widow was a ſufficient ſtimulative, and ſhe very readily complied.

There

There was a reſpectful and delicate attention in Montague's manners;—he had always diſtinguiſhed Angelina with every mark of eſteem;—and, conſidering him as the future huſband of Ethelind, ſhe thought herſelf juſtified in returning it. The beauties of the ſcenery, the pleaſures of retirement, books, and other common topics of converſation, amuſed them till they reached the cottage; where the firſt object that preſented itſelf was the two boys Angelina had ſeen in the church-yard, previous to her illneſs.—They were now playing with marbles at the door, and the moment they ſpied her, ran in hallooing—"Mother, here comes the pretty young lady who gave Jemmy and I money in the church-yard!"—When they entered, the poor woman was ſeated on the ſide of a ſhabby bed, with an infant in her arms, endeavouring to work with her needle. She attempted to riſe, but finding herſelf unable, with a great many apologies for the place they were come into, begged them to be ſeated.—Montague was anxious to hear her ſtory.

She

She told them—" That her huſband had rented a ſmall farm of the late Earl of Treclanna, and, by his induſtry, and her own œconomy, they had been able to live very decently, and bring up their little family; but that, as ſoon as Sir Edward came to the eſtate, they were warned to quit it.—This, ſhe ſaid, was the beginning of their troubles. Fearing they had been guilty of ſome offence, they had applied to the ſteward, to beg he would acquaint his Honor of the utter ruin that would enſue, to have the farm taken from them on ſo ſhort a notice. This," (ſaid the poor woman) " Mr. Arden immediately told him;—but it was all to no purpoſe, for the application was too late;—his Honor had let it, with ſome more little farms, to a great man in the neighbourhood; and laſt Michaelmas we were forced to give it up, without even receiving any thing for the good will of it.—My huſband then took this little cottage, not having it in his power to take any of the farms that were then vacant, all the rents being ſo much advanced; and the grief of ſeeing

ſeeing us almoſt reduced to want (for we had nothing to depend on but daily labour), this, with the loſs of his little farm, in which we had lived ſo happily, was altogether too much for him, for he never held up his head afterwards, and I had the misfortune to bury him, a few weeks ago, after a deep decline!—I thought, at firſt, I ſhould have almoſt broke my heart; but the ſight of my poor babies rouzed me, for I have four little ones to ſtruggle with, which, by working with my needle, and the bounty of Mr. Arden, has kept us from going to the pariſh.—My eldeſt boy is juſt turned nine, and promiſes to be a comfort to me;—he works in the fields—but is too young to earn much at preſent; and I cannot bear to be a burden to the good old ſteward any longer.—I have now ſent a petition to the ladies at the Caſtle, to implore their aſſiſtance; and, as Sir Edward has been partly the means of depriving my children of bread, I hope they will take it into conſideration."—There was a chearful reſignation expreſſed in all ſhe had ſuffered, that ſpoke a good

good mind, and proved to her auditors, that, whether the individual animated with virtue is doomed to toil for bread, or deſtined to ſit on a throne, they have alike an indiſputable right to the approbation and applauſe of mankind.

Montague, now convinced of her being an object of compaſſion, promiſed to intercede with Sir Edward in her behalf. —This aſſurance ſhe received gratefully, and leaving the contents of his purſe for her preſent exigencies, he roſe to depart. —Angelina had nothing to give, but pleaſed herſelf with what ſhe had depoſited with the ſteward towards the widow's relief.—The children clung around her when ſhe roſe to go, and their mother, pulling them from her, ſaid—" that they had talked of nothing elſe but the pretty young lady, ever ſince they had firſt ſeen her."

" Poor woman!" ſaid Angelina, as they quitted the door of the cottage—" if it was not for the inſtinctive hope planted in the human breaſt of *future* rewards,

rewards, how would mankind, Mr. Montague, ſuſtain the evils attached to ſome, whilſt, to others, every apparent wiſh is gratified?"

"You are right," ſaid he; "and though to behold the happy is grateful to the feeling heart, and, whilſt rejoicing with them, ſorrow is ſuſpended for a time, be the mind never ſo ſad, yet it is, in my opinion, equally right ſometimes to behold the unfortunate. The ſight of human miſery ſoftens the heart, and makes it better—it checks the pride of proſperity, and, in the language of a late elegant writer, the regret it occaſions is amply compenſated by the ſecret endearment that nature has annexed to all our ſympathetic ſorrows.

"I am growing grave," he continued; "but, as another opportunity may not offer, let me aſk you, Miſs Aubrey, in what manner I can beſt relieve this poor woman, that ſhe may be enabled to live comfortably?—I will not apologize for applying to you, for I know the goodneſs

of your heart will accept the motive as an excuſe."

Angelina readily undertook to conſider of it:—during the reſt of their walk ſhe felt leſs reſtraint than uſual in converſing with him. The congeniality of their ſentiments, during this ſaunter, drew their minds nearer to each other than what could have been effected by a twelvemonth's common acquaintance. —Angelina, for the future, was to honor him with her friendſhip, and condeſcend to look upon him as a brother. —When they reached the garden-gate, they ſeparated, and ſhe withdrew to her chamber, to change her dreſs.—Good Heavens! ſhe thought, that a young man of ſuch ſuperior grace of mind, with ſentiments ſo noble, ſhould ſeek to unite himſelf to one ſo little congenial in manners and diſpoſition to his own, as Miſs Eldwin.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

WHEN Angelina deſcended to the dining-parlour, not all Warren's coſmetics could have made her appear half ſo lovely, as the glow of conſcious virtue that animated every feature;—nor did ſhe feel leſs happy than ſhe looked:—her ſpirits were exhilarated beyond their uſual height, and, through this happy medium, ſhe beheld the reſt of the family.

The converſation, during dinner, turned upon agriculture, and the vaſt improvements that had been made in the arts within theſe few years.

Montague acknowledged that, unlike moſt other travellers, inſtead of returning to his native country with a contempt of every thing that he ſaw, he felt a pride, if it might be called ſo, in contemplating

the ſuperiority it entertained over all other nations.

Sir Edward expatiated largely upon the peculiar advantages the lower ranks of the people enjoyed, and the philanthropic diſpoſition that characterized the nation.

This gave Montague an opportunity of introducing to his notice the forlorn ſtate of the widow and her children.

But Sir Edward was much better acquainted with the theory of virtue than the practice of it:—he endeavoured to convince Mr. Montague of the neceſſity for his acting as he had.—"If you liſten to every idle tale," ſaid he, "which theſe fooliſh people will tell you, you will have an ever-endleſs tax upon your patience. It is all art and trick, to impoſe on credulity. When you have ſeen as much of the world as I have, you will learn that theſe evils are merely chimeras of their own forming, to frighten us into humanity."

"Then,"

"Then," ſaid Montague, "they uſe a moſt effectual method to excite compaſſion."

"*Art, all art,*" ſaid Sir Edward, "to intereſt the feelings."

"If ſo, they have taken an uncommon deal of pains to make their ſufferings appear real.—The heart may be deceived by the feigned plaints of poverty; but, ſurely, where the ſenſes are convinced, it can be no chimera.—The woman I ſpeak of, bore all the traces of ſorrow; —her words ſpoke not half ſo forcibly as her looks;—her eyes were ſunk—her form waſted—and, if this is the outward garb of wretchedneſs, where is the individual that would voluntarily put it on?"

Sir Edward ſmiled.—"Why you are come home, Montague," ſaid he, "quite an old-faſhioned fellow!—Where did you learn this refinement upon humanity?"

"From inſtinct," ſaid he, laughing—"all-powerful inſtinct—nature infuſed,

reflection cheriſhed it. She taught me the neceſſity of uniting the intereſt of my fellow creatures with my own; and threatened, if ever I forgot to practiſe her leſſons, to abandon me."

"Well," ſaid Sir Edward, "we will ſee what can be done for her; but, in truth, I have ſo many to whom I have promiſed relief, that it will be injuſtice to afford *her* aſſiſtance before they are provided for.—A man ſhould have the riches of the Eaſt to relieve his people individually. There is an aſylum every where for the mendicant, if he chuſes to apply."

"But there is a peculiarity," ſaid Montague, "in this woman's ſituation, that particularly recommends her to notice. She is lately a widow, with five ſmall children, and has loſt the means to ſupport them—for ſhe is herſelf ſinking under diſtreſs and ſorrow."

"*Indeed!*" ſaid Sir Edward;—"why was I not acquainted with it before?—

Why

Why *did ſhe* not apply to *me?* I would have put all her children in the *poor-houſe.*"

This benevolent feeling of the *great man* raiſed a momentary indignation in the mind of Montague, and he anſwered pointedly—" It was a favour ſhe did not aſk; for, unluckily, ſhe had known much better days."

" So have many beſides," ſaid Sir Edward.—" In this world, we muſt not expect the ſun to ſhine always."

" She has not to learn this truth," cried Montague, " for ſhe has ſeen it too often clouded."

" My dear fellow," ſaid Sir Edward, " I would do any thing in the world to oblige you—but if ſhe won't receive the aſſiſtance I offer her, it is her fault, not mine."

" But there is a delicacy to be obſerved, in ſome inſtances:—in taking away her children, you rob her of every com-

fort;—and, inſtead of relieving, you add to the burden that oppreſſes her."

"People muſt learn," ſaid Sir Edward, "to bear their misfortunes.—The delicacy you talk of is all ideal; 'tis a word that is now proſtituted to the commoneſt purpoſes.—What have they to do with it, who do not underſtand its meaning?"

"Yet there are men," ſaid Montague, "who, whilſt they boaſt of feeling, only know it by name. You ſay, ſhe muſt learn to bear her misfortunes;—leave *nature* to teach her *that leſſon*, and let us try to ſupport *them* for her."

"Pray, Mr. Montague," ſaid her Ladyſhip, interrupting him, "take another opportunity to finiſh this horrid, dull converſation;—you are always introducing ſomething to hurt one's feelings;—we did not want to hear of the poor wretch and her children.—If Ethelind had known, Sir, you had been going out this morning, ſhe would have walked with you."

"Indeed,

"Indeed, Ma'am," ſaid her daughter, colouring, "I ſhould *not*, for I was otherwiſe engaged."

"That is right," cried Miſs Dorothy —"there is nothing like having a little ſpirit—beſides, he did not want your company."

Montague looked ſomewhat confuſed; and blundered out an apology—"that he had quite forgot to aſk Miſs Eldwin."

"She is much obliged to you," returned her Ladyſhip:—"'twas lucky, however, that you did not forget to *aſk Miſs Aubrey!*"

Angelina coloured, and attempted to make ſome excuſe; but the attempt only confuſed her more. She heſitated ſo often, that Miſs Dorothy ſaid—"it was a pity ſhe ſhould be at the trouble of inventing falſhoods."

Montague, anxious to relieve her embaraſſment, hoped, by changing the ſub-

ject, that her Ladyſhip would forget it—but he was miſtaken—Lady Eldwin's retentive faculties were never more alive.

On Mr. Montague's firſt arrival at Eaſt-Cliff, ſhe had entertained the moſt ſanguine hopes that he would become enamoured of Ethelind:—ſhe was young, beautiful, and accompliſhed;—and, as the daughter of Sir Edward, of good family, and entitled to an ample fortune, objects, in her Ladyſhip's eyes, not to be reſiſted.

It may be aſked, ſince her daughter's accompliſhments were valued at ſo high an eſtimation, how, even in thought, ſhe condeſcended to unite her to a commoner?—Not any thing but the very great advantages accruing from ſuch an union could poſſibly have prevailed.

Montague was the nephew of an *Earl*—few men poſſeſſed ſo many perſonal accompliſhments;—and, though Lady Eldwin never looked beyond the exterior herſelf, ſtill his mental characteriſtics were

were too well known not to be remembered by her Ladyſhip. She wiſhed to ſee her daughter ſettled.—Ethelind's heart had not been conſulted; and every requiſite for making her happy would have been cancelled, by the ſplendid and honourable alliance that now offered. She was told of the great advantages that would accrue from ſuch an union; and the dazzling ſplendor of promiſed equipages, with the parade attendant on ſo elevated a ſituation, were ſufficient recommendation to a girl of her temper.

When the mind is anxious in the formation of its wiſhes, every look, every word, is ingeniouſly interpreted towards the conſummation of them. Thus Lady Eldwin diſcovered in Montague's behaviour, what a diſintereſted obſerver would never have found out—that Mr. Montague was violently in love with Ethelind; though ſhe could not but acknowledge, that he ſcrupulouſly avoided every thing that bore the appearance of marked particularity, and was uniformly polite to all.

Could it now be wondered at, that ſhe was jealous of the attention paid to Angelina; ſince it not only hurt her, from the contempt ſhe always held her in, but militated againſt her favourite ſcheme?

Was it poſſible that the advantages Ethelind owned, could be rejected for a dependant on Sir Edward, and one whom it was difficult to ſay who ſhe belonged to?—for Lady Eldwin would not be convinced of the truth of his firſt aſſeveration, that Angelina was the daughter of his ſiſter.—"*Pretty, indeed, ſhe might be called*—but ſo ignorant of the *poliſh* of *high life*, as to be wholly unqualified for the wife of a man of *faſhion*."—Theſe were exactly her Ladyſhip's ideas.

A week had elapſed, and Lady Eldwin's fears, ſtrengthening by the obſervations of Miſs Dorothy, ſhe ventured to hint her ſuſpicions to Sir Edward.—He wiſhed to ſee his daughter ſettled; but his attention was now too much engroſſed by his ſon (whoſe health was viſibly declining), to think of any thing elſe. Sir Edward

Edward believed it proceeded from intenſe ſtudy, and thought change of ſcene and company might detach him from his cloſe application, and act as a reſtorative. —It was the latter end of October; and, as the Bath ſeaſon was commenced, he propoſed moving his family thither, in their way to London.—Mr. Larwell's opinion was aſked, but that gentleman by no means coincided with Sir Edward; —he recommended, with all his perſuaſive powers, their continuance in the *pure air* of Eaſt-Cliff; and urged it, for the beſt reaſon in the world—to *ſerve* himſelf.—"If you take him to Bath," ſaid the ſkilful man, "you do very wrong, indeed—that is to ſay, if you take him to drink the Bath waters. In the firſt place, it is very ill calculated for the ſick, for it lies, as it were, in a pit; that is, it is ſurrounded by high hills; and the noiſome vapours that are continually riſing from the baths, muſt render the reſpiration of the patient very impure."

"But, Doctor," ſaid Sir Edward (for he was always dignified by this appellation, though

though it does not appear that he was much intitled to it)—" if, as you ſay, this place is ſo unfit for the invalid, how comes it that the phyſical gentlemen ſo ſtrongly recommend it?—for I am ſure you will allow it is a place of great notoriety."

" Why, really, Sir, I cannot altogether ſay, but I believe—that is, when my brothers of the Æſculapian art, find that all they have done is of no effect, to divert the friends of the patient, they ſend them to Bath, or the Wells.—Now I think, Sir, "continued the Doctor, ſmoothing his ruffles—" I think, Sir, that with a little of my *ſkilful management*, I ſhall be able to bring Mr. Eldwin about;—for though his liver is certainly affected—I ſay, certainly affected, becauſe my judgment in ſuch caſes is infallible—few men who profeſs the medical art, have dipped ſo deeply into it as I have. My knowledge would aſtoniſh you, if you were capable of comprehending it.—I do not ſay this, Sir Edward, to eſtabliſh myſelf in your opinion—for a man of your intuition muſt eaſily diſtinguiſh between the

the egotiſt, who preſumes upon the knowledge of others, and the man who acts *as I do*—intirely *on his own.*"

Unfortunately for the Doctor, this harangue acted upon the mind of Sir Edward directly oppoſite to what was intended;—for, not having quite ſo great an opinion of the ſkilful man, as the ſkilful man had of himſelf—and alarmed at his information reſpecting his ſon's health, he determined to ſet out immediately with his family for Bath;—and, whilſt he was ruminating in his mind how he ſhould proceed in his plans, the able apothecary was ſhuffling into his pocket all the empty phials that ſtood on the mantlepiece—a manœuvre he practiſed in every houſe where he viſited.

A great many arguments, repeated over and over again, were urged by the Doctor, in favour of their continuance in the *pure air* of Eaſt-Cliff;—but finding them of no avail, and Sir Edward hinting that he was not then at leiſure to diſcuſs the ſubject, the Doctor was obliged to depart, ſecretly

ſecretly execrating Sir Edward for believing all he had advanced relative to Mr. Eldwin's danger; and himſelf, for having ſo ſtrongly urged that opinion, which eventually counteracted all his *deſigns*.

When Sir Edward communicated his intention to the family, it was gladly acceded to by all; and the Tueſday of the following week was the day fixed for their departure.

Mr. Montague had applied ſeveral times to Sir Edward for the relief of the widow, but he had been ſo often put off by the great man's promiſes, that, no longer depending on them, he determined to exert himſelf, and offered him a handſome ſum for a ſmall farm that was juſt then vacated.—He had no difficulty in obtaining it.—This *extraordinary generoſity* was a fine field of raillery to the family, and occaſioned a great many witticiſms.—Montague joined with them in the laugh, and humoured the joke; but his heart was not to be diverted from its humane purpoſes by the folly and levity of

of the unfeeling.—In all his ſchemes, relating to the poor woman, he had applied to Angelina for counſel:—ſhe had been his almoner—and the mutual intereſt which they had taken in this affair, was the ſubject of their frequent converſations.

On the evening preceding the day fixed for their departure from Eaſt-Cliff, Angelina withdrew to her chamber, to make ſome neceſſary preparations for the journey.

She was now going to be introduced into the great world, that world Ethelind had painted ſo alluring;—yet not all the pleaſure ſhe had anticipated from the opening ſcenes were adequate to the regret ſhe felt at leaving Eaſt-Cliff; and ſhe would have gladly compromiſed with the future, to have enjoyed a longer continuance of the happineſs ſhe had lately experienced.—The peaceful hours, that ſhe ſpent there, were now to be exchanged for thoſe giddy ſcenes of faſhion, that, a few months before, ſhe had anticipated with delight.—

delight.—The myſtery attending the midnight ſcene under her window had never been elucidated; and ſhe wiſhed to know the cauſe for the picture's removal, that ſo much intereſted her on her firſt coming.—She had been ſo long ruminating over this, and putting together a few of her books, that it was almoſt dark when ſhe left the chamber.—Paſſing along the north gallery, where none of the family ever entered, except Patty and herſelf, ſhe was ſtartled by the footſteps of ſome one behind her; and, turning her head, ſhe beheld the ſhadow of a man gliding acroſs the paſſage. She was ſomewhat ſtartled, and heſitated whether or not to proceed; but, before ſhe had time to determine, the ſtranger haſtily approached her, and catching her hand, exclaimed, in an impaſſioned tone—"Stay, loveliеſt of women."—The voice ſtruck her—ſhe had heard it before—but, the long arched windows ſhed too faint a light to delineate the features of the ſtranger.—Endeavouring to appear compoſed, and ſtruggling to free her hand from his graſp, ſhe demanded, in a tremulous voice—"Who

dared

dared detain her."——" One who dares adore you," he cried, " thou Circe of Eaſt-Cliff—thou Syren, that haſt deluded me;—huſh!" he continued, ſeeing her about to make ſome reſiſtance, " or we ſhall be heard!—Nay, do not be alarmed —but liſten to me.

" You are intirely in my power;—do not ſtart—I have a chaiſe at the garden-gate waiting to receive you:—truſt to my honour, then.—I have very powerful reaſons for the air of concealment I wear; and I flatter myſelf, when you know in whom you have confided, you will not repent of your confidence. Come, then, ſweet maid," he cried—" and, as Sterne once ſaid to his Maria—" Thou ſhalt " drink of my cup, and eat of my bread!" —Here a violent ſhriek from the terrified girl ſtopped this elegant oration;—and, at the ſame inſtant, to the relief of Angelina, who was almoſt annihilated, ſome one appeared moving towards them; and the ſtranger, fearful of being diſcovered, imprecating curſes on the intruder, darted along the oppoſite ſide of the gallery

lery into the outward apartments.—The moment he let her go, ſhe flew towards the perſon approaching, unconſcious of what ſhe did; and, in a tremulous voice, exclaimed—"Oh! ſave me!—protect me!"

"Whilſt I have life," he cried, catching her in his arms, for ſhe had almoſt fainted; and bearing her to the window, the air, and the repetition of her name, rouſed her; and, with an imperfect recollection of what had paſſed, ſhe burſt into tears.

"Good Heavens!—what has happened—what has alarmed you!—you are ſafe, my dear girl.—Madam—Miſs Aubrey, I mean, ſpeak to me—it is Montague!"

Angelina, now ſomewhat recovered from her alarm, endeavoured to relate what had paſſed.—He ſeemed much ſtartled—and propoſed immediately acquainting Sir Edward of it, that ſome means might be taken to diſcover him.—He ſaid, it muſt be one of the domeſtics, who

who were either mad, or in liquor.—This, Angelina was not inclined to believe;—the incognito bore the air of their ſuperior.

Montague ſaid, he would go in ſearch of him himſelf;—but this, Angelina ſtrenuouſly oppoſed; fearing, as he was unarmed, that the ſtranger might offer him ſome violence.—Once ſhe was about to acquaint him with the man ſhe had ſeen under her window; but Sir Edward was too cloſely connected in that ſcene, and a moment's reflection checked her.—He walked with her to the door of the drawing-room, where he left her, and ſaid he would join them at ſupper.

Angelina endeavoured to ſay ſomething in return for his attention, but the words faltered on her tongue; and, agitated by a thouſand different emotions, ſhe entered the room.—Her countenance, which ever pourtrayed the ſtate of her mind, now attracted the notice of all preſent.—Every one aſked, what was the matter?—She then related, as well as ſhe

was

was able, what had paſſed.—Sir Edward looked more than uſually grave.—Her Ladyſhip ſhrieked, and vowed ſhe ſhould faint—Miſs Dorothy was fearful, leſt the fellow ſhould inſult *her*, *too*—Ethelind laughed, and called it a good bit of fun.

"But where is Montague?" ſaid her Ladyſhip.

"I dare ſay," cried Ethelind, "he is gone in queſt of adventures; and perhaps the fellow may murder him."

"Heaven forbid!" ſaid Angelina, riſing with great emotion, and going to the door.

"No fear," ſaid Miſs Dorothy, "when a Lady's ejaculations are ſo fervent!"

This ſpeech, delivered in a ſarcaſtic tone, brought Angelina to a recollection of what ſhe had ſaid; and, aſſuming a look of as much dignity as ſhe could command, endeavoured to appear com-

poſed; but ſhe had not yet acquired the art of diſguiſing her feelings; and when ſupper was over, and no Montague appeared, ſhe betrayed an alarm that ſhe was no longer able to conceal. She aſked Mr. Eldwin if he had not better inquire for Mr. Montague's ſervant.

The former did not ſeem very well pleaſed with the requeſt, but ſeeing her anxiety increaſe, rang the bell for him.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.